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THE ROTADIAN

A Magazine of Service



Arms and the Business Man

By Vivian Carter

Irrepressible Belgium

By Fred Hamilton Rindge

Mars and Us

By William Moffatt, F. Z. S

Boys' Week

in Mexico

Principles of Unionism

By William Green

March, 1927



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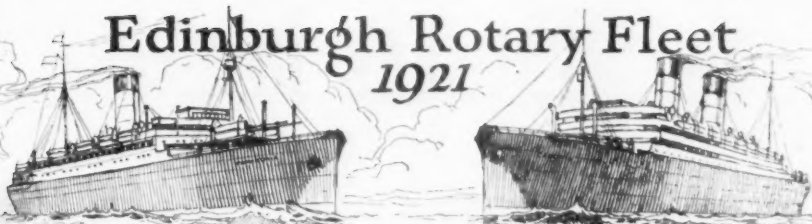
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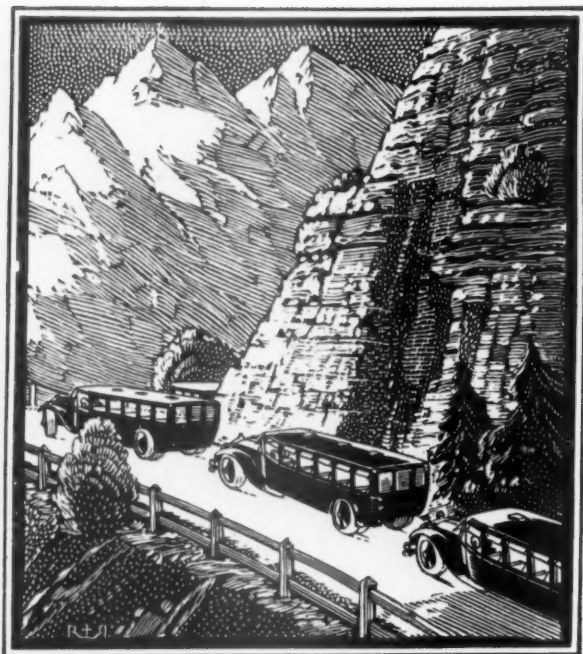
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Night's Air Messengers

By J. M. Dodson

'T WAS in the prime
Of summer time;
The night as mild
As heaven's child,
With earth and air both reconciled . . .
Now up they go,
Their wings set so
They're soon beyond night's earthly
show;
The air that reels
Along their keels,
Murmurs to their murmuring wheels.
Far up from earth,
Their noisy berth
Patrols the night with fancy's mirth;
The cosmic spheres
Through nature hears
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and
fears.
The beacon lights
Set on the heights,
Give warning in the darkest nights;
Receiving set,
The pilot's pet
May speak or sing "lest we forget." . . .

The first grey lines that fret the night,
Herald the day with blazing light.
The silent morn
With fragrance borne,
The touch of day
To the long way,
Come the Air Messengers in flight:
Brave hearts, riding the wings of night!
In pairs they come—
We hear them hum—
High up the cars—
Toward the stars—
We hear the whir—
The engines' purr. . . .
Far out toward horizon's fields,
They come to rest, unloose their seals.
The pilot's pep—
Elastic step—
Soon clears the hold.
With accents bold,
Declares the trip,—"six hundred miles!"
Time? "1 to 4 A. M."—he smiles.
Great honor 's due these pilots bold,
Their task 's well worth their weight in
gold.

Bert Adams, Rotarian

By Chesley R. Perry

WHEN Glenn Mead opened that memorable Rotary Convention of 1913 in Buffalo, we had with us for the first time delegates from outside North America—those from England, Scotland, and Ireland. There were also present, for the first time, delegates from the recently organized Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia, U. S. A.

One of the Atlanta delegates was a real-estate man (a realtor, in modern parlance) who came to learn all there was to be learned about Rotary. He registered as Albert S. Adams. When he came he probably did not know half a dozen of the Rotarians present. When he left he knew scores of them and had them bound to him by his charming personality. He was recognized as a modest, soft-voiced, unobtrusive but keen-witted, good-humored, and dependable chap. To call him Bert came as naturally as it did to grip his hand in a friendship clasp.

From that time on Bert Adams was a power for good in the Rotary movement. He went back to Atlanta determined to lead his club to be one of the best Rotary clubs in the Association—and he did it. He became a regular attendee at the annual conventions. He began to serve Rotary International in its humblest offices. He was called upon to fill more important offices. In 1919 he was elected International President.

Bert Adams got so much out of the convention at Buffalo that he determined to have the convention come to his own city of Atlanta. He wanted his people to know Rotary in its larger aspect, and he wanted his new Rotary friends from Los Angeles to Edinburgh to know his people of "Dixieland." In 1917 the convention was held in Atlanta. On that occasion Bert served as chairman of the host club executive committee and the perfection of the arrangements for our entertainment will ever be a lasting memory of those who were present. That was the year that the United States entered the World War. Some said the convention should not be held. That also was the year a conflagration roared through Atlanta, burning up a large section of the city. For that reason some said that the convention could not be held there. Bert said it could and should be held, and it was.

One might fill pages with the recital of Bert Adams' contributions to the successful growth of Rotary. He traveled extensively in Canada and the United States, and everywhere he went he carried good cheer, a better understanding of the

meaning of Rotary, an encouragement to put the spirit of Rotary into our daily lives, into our business transactions, into our community service. He became one of the best-known and best-liked men in Rotary.

The proof of his lovely character and his ability to do things is made positive by what his home-folks thought of him and his services. In the Atlanta Rotary Club and throughout the whole community of Atlanta, Bert Adams was as popular as he was away from home. He never ceased to be an active worker in the Rotary club, but at the same time he found opportunity to be an active worker in various other organizations in the community. He made the application of the ideal of service to his personal, business, and community life. He built up a large and successful real-estate business. He specialized in that business as his distinctive opportunity to serve society.

HIS wife and children were a reflection of the man and the man was a reflection of his family. Today the man in the flesh is gone. The family remain determined to carry on as the beloved husband and father who is still with them in spirit wants them to do. Bert Adams left many memorials but his lovely family is the greatest of all.

On December 31, 1926, the summons of the Angel of Death ended the long period of illness of Albert S. Adams, and caused the first break in the line of sixteen men who have been presidents of Rotary International. The funeral services were characteristic of the simplicity of Bert Adams' life. At eleven o'clock Saturday morning his business partner and other Rotarians carried the flower-laden casket from the sitting-room where Bert Adams and Hortense had entertained so many of us. In a few minutes we were at St. Luke's Episcopal church where hundreds of Rotarians and other friends, including an honor troop of Boy Scouts were gathered. The official representatives of Rotary International were Vice-President Guernsey, Secretary Perry, and Governor Sheffield.

The short service was read by the priest. Bert Adams needed no eulogy—not at any rate in Atlanta. At the grave there was a word of prayer and then we left our friend to sleep amid the flowers and the evergreens. And yet Bert seemed to be with us and among us all through the day and evening. The body of Bert Adams is taken away from us, but his spirit remains with us.

Arms and the Business Man

Some aspects of our present-day internationalism

By Vivian Carter

Secretary of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland

TO ENCOURAGE and foster the spirit of service, in personal business and community life, is now the declared aim of important sections and organized movements in various countries. Among those that have taken a leading part in this propaganda are the Rotary Clubs, while other clubs and societies of business and professional men have declared a like object. The relationship of such organizations as these with the movement towards world peace is one that requires study and practical advice.

The Ideal of Service Applied to Vocation

What is the first contribution they can make? Surely it must be by way of propagating their principal article of faith—the Spirit of Service—as applied to transactions in the sphere of international “business.” Those who go to international conferences of all kinds to represent their countries must go in the spirit in which a Rotarian goes to the club of which he is a member. There he knows he will meet men of other interests than his own, other creeds, other sects, other parties, other races. In the Rotary meeting, he is prepared to *concede*, in the belief that others will do likewise, if all are animated by the common ideal. If others lack the spirit of service, the individual Rotarian may be prepared to show an example by action of his own.

Applied to International Business

How can the Ideal of Service be propagated in the sphere of international business? Governments are “transient, embarrassed phantoms”—their spokesmen go with their lives in their hands to every conference with other nationals. Their public opinion at home looks to them to come back with something gained—in power, in possessions, or in prestige. Few of them have as yet the spirit of give and take sufficiently developed to be ready to risk failure in the common cause; and few of them have the power to yield a real or reputed advantage. Their hands are tied behind their backs—by *public opinion*.

Before the individual can influence the men who represent the nations, he has to influence the public opinion which is behind the governments. That

public opinion must itself be infused with the spirit of readiness to sacrifice for the common good.

What controls, or influences, public opinion? We have lived and we have seen. “Patriotism” is something to which appeal can ever be made by those who desire to exploit public opinion. The peace of nations has its organized enemies in every country, who despise the idea of co-operation because it may some time or another impose sacrifice of power, possession, or prestige. Some governments depend for their place on the support of the “patriotic” parties, and the “patriotic” press, and their representatives abroad are bound to obey and powerless to disobey their orders.

The Power of False Patriotism

The mission of the Rotarian, then, is a fighting one—against the spirit of selfishness in international affairs that is mis-called “patriotism.” Patriotism is of two kinds. The one is an affection, the other a passion. The affection is for kith and kin, home and land, habits and customs ingrained, traditions mellowed—and the world would be the poorer without it. The passion is for greatness, power, prestige, of the nation as it figures on the field of battle, or at the conference table, and the world would be the richer without it. The chief inciter of the flame of false patriotism is the so-called “patriotic” press, the patriotic orator, writer, painter, playwright, or agitator. These men are patriotic largely because it pays. A patriotic public opinion is a pliable one, easily swayed by appeals to passion and prejudice. A pliable public opinion is a ready prey to the exploiter, whose motive is mainly found to be personal profit.

Arms and the Man of Business

Another provocation to false patriotism is the interests that stand to gain by the promotion of hatred and rivalry between nations. The maintenance of large armed forces and establishments of men comprise great vested interests. Were universal disarmament to come, they would be compelled to turn their attention to other forms of service. Behind false patriotism are the armaments interests, rich and powerful enough to sway parties and to control

newspapers, and to employ all forms of propaganda. The armaments interests are kept alive by mutual suspicion and fear. A “war scare” is in itself a profitable thing to engineer.

The Rotarian can set himself against false patriotism, and so against war-mongering, by associating himself with the general movement for international peace, but more particularly by standing, in such movement, for his own particular ideal—that of Service as the basis of all worthy enterprise. Were such an ideal to be broadcast, no individual would gladly lend himself to serve at the behest of interests that stand to gain by war. The Rotarian can influence individual conduct, so that it turns away from service in the cause of war, and towards service in the cause of peace and good will. By exercising such personal influence, he is contributing directly to the moulding of a public opinion that will strengthen in statesmen the spirit of service rather than the spirit of national selfishness.

The Choice of a Representative

Before every session of an international congress, should not the business and professional men of a country jointly and through their Rotary and other club organizations pledge themselves to support their representative, so that he may know he has behind him in the readiness to serve, a powerful group whose motto is Service? As a condition to such support, it would have to be made clear to them that the statesman representing the nation was himself free to give service, and not bound to go in the spirit of extortion, on his own country's behalf, or that of another. We should be interested in him, not as a party politician, but as an international servant; he should be *your* man, if we can make him so!

We need to take a broader conception of international relationships than as between organized states. We have to conceive that mankind is a brotherhood, and that organized states are mere incidents and conveniences, not necessarily here forever. In our own times, we have seen states—such as those of America, Germany, Italy, and the Slav countries, Australia and South Africa—which were formerly disunited and sometimes at war, come together in unity. Is there not room for yet

more of such comings-together? Are there not still groups of states that are but little dissimilar in race and language which could be brought into unity? The map of Europe will show that this is possible.

Unity of Kindred Races

May we not hope that, with the passing of time, many countries that have differences of language and social customs, may come so much closer together that their frontiers will cease to exist as anything more important than the boundaries between countries or provinces, cantons, or departments? Rotarians should be favorably disposed towards racial unity, or racial reunion, wherever kindred peoples are kept apart by artificial considerations, or outside suspicions and selfish interests. Their desire is the utmost unity between kindred peoples, with the idea of the ultimate unity of all.

There are things not only of a political character that tend to keep peoples apart. In actual fact, political boundaries affect neighboring peoples less than boundaries of other kinds. As an Englishman, when I go to France or to Germany, I go as an "alien" and have to bear a passport, and register with the police. I have to pass through a customs barrier, and to have my baggage ransacked lest by chance I am smuggling some dutiable article. I have to change my money into that of the other country, and to change also my methods of reckoning and measuring. I have, of course, to learn something

of the language of the country visited. If I desire to transact business, all sorts of restrictions will be placed on me that would not be there were I of the same nationality. My "foreignness" is emphasized in many different ways. Why? A traveller is made to pay toll for the use of the country visited, for business or for pleasure, because he is a foreigner. If he seeks employment in a foreign country, he is at a disadvantage, no matter what his qualifications, because he is a foreigner. If these barriers were removed, whatever sacrifice each country made would be atoned for by precisely the same sacrifice being exacted in return. Trivial loss or gain, on balance, might be shown; but what would it count in the light of the advancement of understanding and good will that free intercourse would bring? Such free intercourse would remove the idea of difference between neighbors, and it is the idea of difference that inspires acts of suspicion and enmity.

The False Idea of Difference

The Rotarian should work for the removal of the *idea* of difference between people and people. Chief among the outward signs of difference is that of language. How slight a change it really means when we resolve that we will at least try to speak and to understand the language of the foreigner, in his own country, or in our own. The resolve to learn the principal words of intercourse needs but to be taken, and the learning of them is a matter of a few months—and no unpleasant study

it is, either. Rotarians should themselves learn other people's languages, and encourage others to learn theirs.

The ideal of standardization in currencies, weights and measures, commercial customs and usages should be aimed at. A Rotarian should be one who at least *wishes* for closer intercourse between people and people, and is well disposed towards plans, whatever they may be, to bring it about.

National Psychology

Yet another gap that yawns between understanding and good will, is that of psychology. Can we better understand each other's ways of thought and springs of action? In what way does my psychology—that of an Englishman—differ from that of my neighbor, the Frenchman, the German, or Italian, and my kinsman the American? The Englishman is reputed to be reserved, suspicious, exclusive, insular, prejudiced (though he is very often none of these). The Frenchman is reputed to be volatile, supercilious, subject to extremes of emotion, and often rapacious and self-seeking (though he is very often none of these.) The German has the reputation—he had it before the war—of being rough and overbearing, unscrupulous, race-conscious and the slave of rules and systems; the American has the reputation of being cocksure, domineering, a dollar-seeker, a "booster" (he is often none of these things). In actual fact, it is found when we know peoples of other coun-

(Continued on page 60)

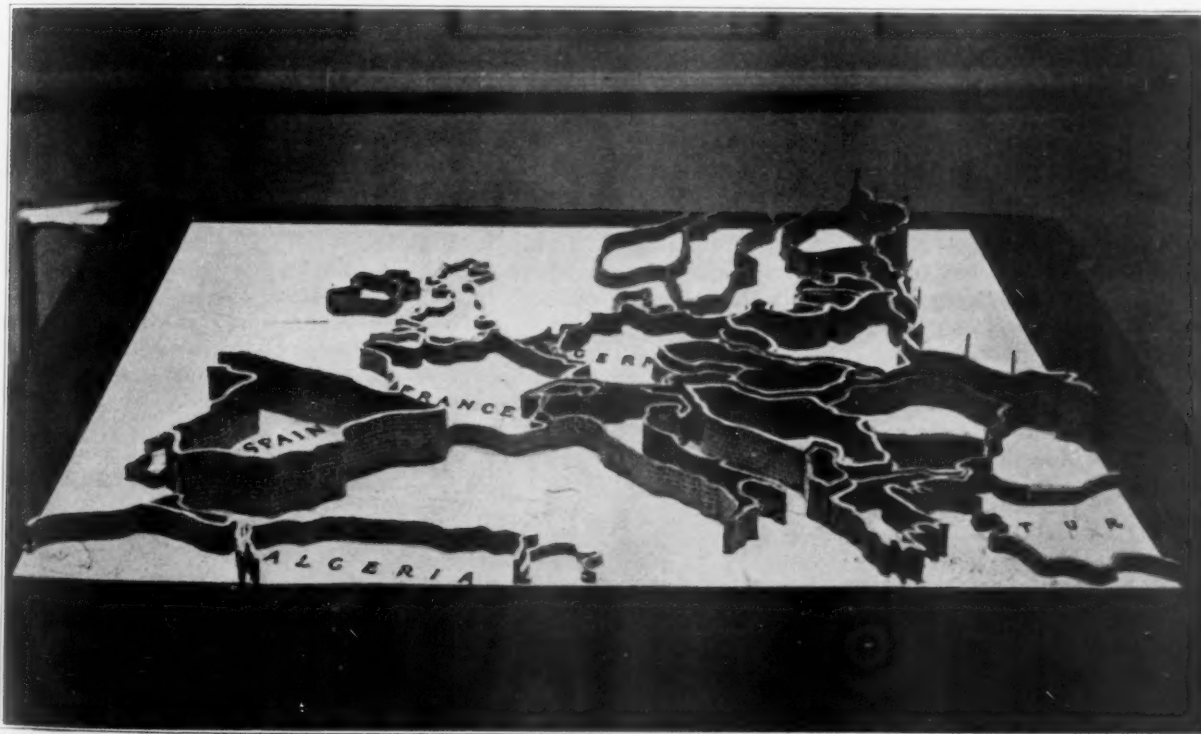
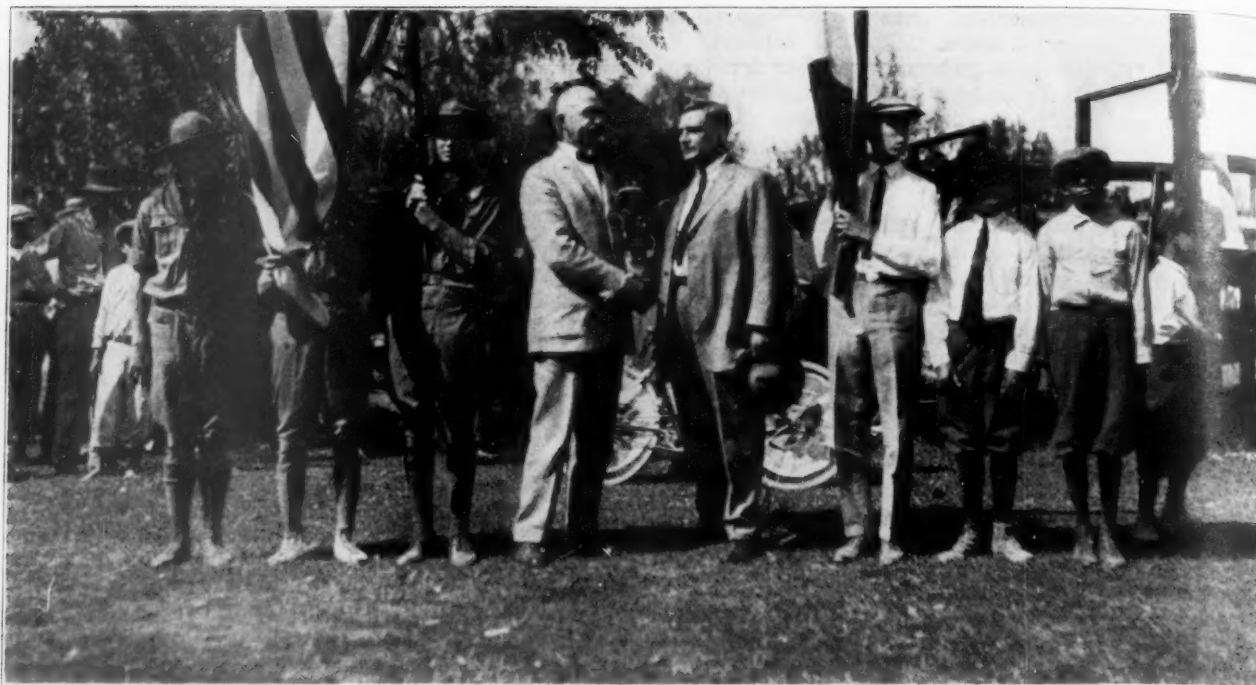


Photo: Courtesy of "Rotary Wheel."

A model by Sir Clive Morrison Bell, M. P., used in an address before the Rotary Club of Exmouth, England, in illustrating the problems faced by the Economic Conference of the League of Nations. The walls represent the national barriers of European countries, different currencies, passport visés, and tariffs.



Sr. J. T. West (a la izquierda), Presidente Municipal de Calexico, California, saludando al Senor Federico Palacio, Presidente Municipal de Mexicali México, durante la primera celebración Internacional de la Semana del Niño. Muchachos de México y de los Estados Unidos participaron en la celebración.

Mayor T. J. West (left) of Calexico, California, greeting Mayor Frederico Palacio, of Mexicali, Mexico, in the first joint international celebration of Boys Week. Boys from the Republic of Mexico and from the United States participated in the unusual seven-day civic event.

La Semana del Niño Boys' Week Success en Mexico in Mexico

Descripción de los trabajos efectuados durante siete días en Saltillo, México

[SPANISH]

EL día 1° de Mayo de 1926, fué un verdadero día de fiesta en la de suyo quieta y tranquila Capital del Estado de Coahuila. El Rotary Club había preparado convenientemente para efectuar por primera vez la celebración de la "Semana del Niño" y al efecto, había tenido varias juntas especialmente dedicadas a difundir la idea entre los maestros, los principales hombres de negocios, y las autoridades de la ciudad. Como con la anticipación necesaria se preparó el extenso programa y se distribuyeron las comisiones que habrían de procurar el mejor éxito al empezar el primer día, Saltillo estaba animado, y al dar principio la "Semana del Niño" con el primer número que fué el desfile de cerca de 6,000 niños y niñas por las principales calles de la ciudad, a las tres de la tarde, era enorme el gentío que se aglomeraba a lo largo de las calles por donde había de pasar la columna y las ventanas y los balcones de las casas se veían henchidos de gente ávida de presenciar el primer acto. Las boca-calles estaban congestionadas de automóviles y carruajes con gentes de todas las clases sociales.

Tres bandas de músicas, convenientemente intercaladas, entre la columna de niños, completaban el ruido y la algazara del momento y alumnos y alumnas de las 26 escuelas oficiales y de varios colegios particulares que existen en la ciudad, desfilaron majestuosamente.

El C. Gobernador, General don Manuel Pérez Treviño, el Jefe de las Operaciones Militares en el Estado, Gral. D. Pedro J. Alamada, el C. Presidente Municipal, y el Director de Instrucción Pública en el Estado, con un numeroso grupo

A Description of a Seven-days' Celebration in Saltillo, Mexico

[ENGLISH]

THE 1st of May, 1926, was a real day of celebration in the usually quiet and tranquil Capital of the State of Coahuila, Mexico. The Rotary Club had made suitable preparations for holding, for the first time, a Boys' Week, and had held various meetings specially devoted to spreading the idea among the teachers, the principal business men, and the municipal authorities of the city. As a result of the necessary preparation of an extensive program, and the appointing of commissions to work for the best success, on the first day the city of Saltillo was very animated. At the beginning of Boys' Week, the first event was a parade of about 6,000 boys and girls through the principal streets of the city at three o'clock in the afternoon. A great crowd congregated in all the streets through which the parade passed, and the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with people eager to be present at the first of the proceedings. The entrances to the streets were congested with automobiles and carriages containing persons of all social classes.

Three bands of music, suitably spaced in the column of children, made a great stir, together with the shouts of the boy and girl pupils of the twenty-six official schools and various private colleges of the city, as they paraded majestically.

The governor of the State, General Manuel Perez Trevino; the chief of military operations of the State, General Pedro J. Almada; the mayor, and the director of public instruction of the State; together with a large num-

de profesores y Rotarios, presenciaron el desfile desde la terraza del Sanatorio "Saltillo," en donde también se encontraba un número de señoritas con las insignias de la Cruz Roja, y que se encargaron de atender a los niños proporcionándoles agua, dulces y refrescos durante las largas horas que hubieron de permanecer de pie y en marcha los niños y niñas de todas las Escuelas de Saltillo.

Al terminar el desfile, se celebró una velada en el amplio salón de actos de la Escuela Normal, en donde no pudo tener cabida ni la mayoría de las escuelas ni una inmensa muchedumbre que deseaba asistir. Al final de la velada, el presidente del Rotary Club de Saltillo, Marcelino L. Garza, "Chelino," hizo una breve exposición del objeto y miras de la "Semana del Niño" organizada por el Rotary Club.

El día 2 de Mayo que fué dedicado al deporte, se jugaron en varias parques de la ciudad, baseball, volley-ball, basket-ball, tennis, y carreras de obstáculos de distancia, luchas Greco-Romanas y todas la escuelas estuvieron concurridísimas y muy animados los juegos.

El día 3 se dieron conferencias en todas las escuelas primarias, en las que los respectivos profesores desarrollaron el tema de "La Educación para ser buenos Ciudadanos y Forma-Patria." En todas las escuelas estuvieron presentes comisiones de Rotarios y las conferencias resultaron en extremo brillantes.

El día 4 se celebró una velada artístico-literaria por el aniversario de la fundación de la Escuela Normal.



Marcelino L. Garza, Gobernador del Tercer Distrito (México).

Marcelino L. Garza, Governor of the Third District (Mexico).

ber of professors and Rotarians reviewed the parade from the terrace of the Saltillo Sanatorium. Here also were a number of young ladies wearing the insignia of the Red Cross who took care of the children, giving them water, candies, and cool drinks during the many hours that they were afoot and taking part in the parade.

After the parade, an entertainment was held in the large assembly room of the Normal School, which was not large enough to hold the greater part of the schools, nor an immense crowd that wished to take part.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, the president of the Saltillo Rotary Club, Marcelino L. Garza ("Chelino"), made a short speech explaining the object and purposes of "Boys' Week" which was organized by the Rotary club.

The 2nd of May was dedicated to amusements; in various schools and parks of the city there were games of baseball, volley-ball, basket ball, tennis, and long obstacle races, also Grecian-Roman contests, in which all the schools competed. Great enthusiasm was shown in the various games.

On May 3rd, conferences were held in all the primary schools, in which the professors expounded the theme of education "in order to become good citizens and to incite patriotism." Com-

missions of Rotarians were present at all the schools where conferences were held. The program passed off very brilliantly.

On May 4th, an Artistic-Literary Soiree was held to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Normal School.

On the 5th of May was held another entertainment dedi-



La Escuela Normal de Saltillo, México fué el centro de los primeros acontecimientos que inauguraron la Semana del Niño. Hubo un programa y discursos explicando el objeto y los fines de la Semana del Niño.

The Normal School of Saltillo, Mexico, was the center of events marking the beginning of "Boys Week." There was an entertainment, and also speeches explaining the object and purposes of the international observance.

El día 5, otra velada dedicada a los alumnos de las escuelas superiores en la que descollaron los temas "Concepto de Patria" inteligente y hábilmente sustentada por el director de Instrucción Primaria del Estado, Profesor F. Berrueto Ramón. El Lic. Hildebrando Siller, Profesor del Ateneo Fuente, dió una espléndida conferencia sobre "Los Factores Sociales en la Evolución de la Patria Mexicana," y el Lic. Carlos Siller y Siller disertó admirablemente sobre "Los Derechos Cívicos."

EL día, 6, se visitaron por comisiones de Rotarios y por grupos, todas las escuelas en donde se exhibían los trabajos manuales, lo que fué una verdadera revelación, por lo mucho y bueno que se pudo observar, tanto en las escuelas de varones, como en las de niñas y señoritas. El presidente del Club Rotario en compañía del Director General de Educación, visitó 21 Escuelas de las 26 oficiales que existen en la ciudad de Saltillo, y quedó admirado, igual que los demás Rotarios, de los adelantos obtenidos en la educación en Saltillo. No pudo visitar las demás escuelas por falta de tiempo; pero las comisiones de Rotarios al rendir sus informes, dejaron ver el agrado y la satisfacción que les causara.

El día 7, fué dedicado a las Madres, habiendo hablado sobre "Higiene Infantil," el Dr. Amarillas, sobre "Alimentación del Niño," el Dr. Jesús Govea, y sobre "Prejuicios de las Madres relativos a la salud de sus hijos," el Dr. Valdes Sánchez.

El día 8, todavía, se efectuó una romería en la Alameda en donde se obsequiaron dulces a todos los niños de las escuelas por la Presidencia Municipal. Se pasaron los niños una tarde agradable, y los profesores y los padres de familia contemplaban felices a todos los niños que gozosos corrían, gritaban y saltaban, mientras las músicas impregnaban con sus aires nacionales el ambiente.

Esa misma noche, "Chelino" Garza, en los salones de la Sociedad Mutualista "Manuel Acuña," hizo un resumen de los trabajos del Club Rotario en beneficio de la niñez, y terminó dando lectura a la importante conferencia del Dr. Barker, denominada "La Responsabilidad del Padre Hacia su Hijo." Con ésto se cerró la "Semana del Niño" en Saltillo, la que por primera vez fué organizada en alguna parte de la República Mexicana, y fué todo un éxito en todos sentidos, debiendo llamarse la atención que con muy ligeras variantes, se ejecutó el programa sugerido por Rotary International, lo que demuestra, palpablemente, que puede efectuarse la "Semana del Niño" en donde quiera que haya energía y voluntad para trabajar y desarrollar tan importante programa.

Los clubs del Tercer Distrito, que corresponde a la República de México, han trabajado asiduamente por Rotary; pero la mayoría de ellos se han distinguido al especializarse en los trabajos en pro de la Juventud. Es de esperarse que en este año de 1927, la mayoría de dichos clubs lleven a cabo el programa de Rotary International sobre la "Semana del Niño," e indudablemente, resultará un beneficio general, pues que esta actividad de Rotary puede considerarse como una de las más importantes.

cated to the scholars of the high schools, in which the subjects "Meaning of Patriotism," and "Facts to be considered in promoting Mexican patriotism" were intelligently and ably set forth by the director of Primary Instruction, Professor F. Berrueto Ramon. Attorney Hildebrand Siller, Professor of the Fuente Athenaeum, gave a splendid address, and Attorney Carlos Siller y Siller gave a fine discussion on "Civic Instruction."

ON May 6th, commissions and bodies of Rotarians visited all the schools where exhibitions were held for handiwork, which was truly a revelation both as to quality and quantity, not only in the boys' schools but also in the young ladies' schools. The president of the Rotary Club accompanied the director general of Education on a visit to twenty-one schools of the twenty-six official schools in the city of Saltillo, and the director-general as well as the Rotarians were gratified at the advance made by Education in Saltillo. Owing to lack of time the rest of the schools could not be visited, but the delegations of Rotarians, on rendering their reports, expressed the pleasure and satisfaction derived from their visits.

May 7th was dedicated to the Mothers: Dr. Amarillas spoke on "Infantile Hygiene"; Dr. Jesús Govea on "Nourishment of the Child"; and Dr. Valdéz Sánchez on "Prejudices of mothers with regard to the health of their children." These sessions were very well attended and greatly enjoyed.

Yet again on May 8th, there was an excursion to the Alameda, when candies were given to all the school children by the mayor. The children passed a very enjoyable afternoon, while the professors and fathers of families looked happily on, watching the children enjoy themselves running, shouting, and jumping, while music filled the air with National Anthems. The mayor insisted on holding for his own account this extra day of "Boys' Week."

That same night, "Chelino" Garza, in the rooms of the Manuel Acuña Society, gave a résumé of the work of the Rotary Club for the benefit of children, and concluded by reading an important address by Dr. Barker on "The Responsibility of the Father Toward His Son." This closed "Boys' Week" in Saltillo, which was the first held in any part of the Mexican Republic, and was a success in every sense. Attention was called to the fact that, with slight variations, the program suggested by Rotary International could be carried out, and clearly proved that "Boys' Week" could be held anywhere where there was sufficient energy and willingness to work and develop such an important program.

The clubs of the Third District, which comprises the Republic of Mexico, have worked assiduously for Rotary; but the majority of them have discriminated against specializing in "Boys' Work." It is to be hoped that in this year of 1927, the majority of the clubs will carry out Rotary International's program for "Boys' Week," which doubtless will result in general benefit, since this activity of Rotary should be considered as one of the most important.

1927—International Boys' Week Observance—April 30 to May 7

THE observance of Boys' Week has been featured in widely separated parts of the world—the United States and China; Canada and South Africa; England and Japan; Cuba and Australia; Mexico and New Zealand; Newfoundland and South America—all having developed special programs for boys that would focus the attention of the adult citizenry upon the potential powers for good or ill to the Nation inherent in its boyhood.

Hobby Fairs and Achievement Exhibitions have been carried out most successfully in Canada and the United States,

in England, China and Japan, with awards for the most comprehensive or notable collections representing a boy's hobby, or for the finest specimen of handiwork as illustrative of a boy's skill.

Some communities have very satisfactorily concentrated upon the parade or some other one feature of the week's program.

Thousands of boys have been interested in Boys' Week in other years, but every indication seems to point to a doubling of the numbers this year.

A Memorial to Bert Adams

The Story of a Meeting and a Camp

DURING his long last illness Bert Adams must have thought of his boyhood days, of the tramps over the red earth of his beloved Southland, of the trails through woods and the mossy beards hanging from the low reaching trees toward the cool pools, and wished again for his youth. We know he visioned a picture of healthy boys dressed in the uniform of Boy Scouts paddling along quiet streams and heavy-eyed youngsters squatted around a leaping camp-fire.

He thought of this picture and he hoped to be a part of it. He first conceived this dream shortly after he had relinquished the duties of International president of Rotary to Estes Snedecor. A year later his years of official service to Rotary were drawing to a close and he could retire from the board of directors. Then he could carry out by example some of the things he had advocated while he was head of the world fellowship of business and professional men.

When his term as immediate past International president was over he accepted the presidency of the Boy Scouts' Council of Atlanta and set about finding a spot for the model boy camp. He found a spot where there were rivers, hills, and woods. It conformed to his picture as far as setting was concerned. Then came the question of obtaining the funds to make his vision a reality. Patiently, earnestly, he went about the drudgery of the task. Nothing discouraged him and the response came gradually but surely. The men Bert Adams talked with knew it must be right or he would not be associated with it. He secured the land. The improvements would come next.

Just after the Denver Rotary convention twilight came. Bert was ill and during the sinking spells a shadow fell across the picture which had been burnt into his active brain by the fire of an idealistic service. He could endure anything better than allowing the picture to fade.

He wrote to his associates resigning the presidency of the Boy Scout Council because of his health, but expressing his willingness to continue on the board of directors. He urged them to push the camp project so it would be completed "before I fade out of the picture."

With the old year Bert Adams left us. After the shock his pals, the members of the Atlanta Rotary club, held a



Bert Adams leaving Buckingham Palace, after being received by their Majesties King George and Queen Mary in 1921.

memorial service. Here is an account of the meeting by one of those who was there:

From the opening of the meeting with the silent blessing proposed by Earl Cone, to the closing chant, every Rotarian present was conscious of unspoken emotions and a spirit of brotherhood.

Surely the spirit of Bert Adams, the best Rotarian of us all, hovered near and smiled the old familiar smile of love and friendship as a benediction on those who had gathered to honor his memory.

It was such a meeting as Bert Adams would have liked. It was the club's tribute of affection to a worthy leader and its dignity and quietness spoke louder than the applause of a multitude.

From this meeting has grown a plan to establish a lasting memorial to Bert Adams in the shape of a Boy Scout reservation, which is to bear the name of Bert Adams.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members of the club pledged themselves, individually and collectively, to carry on this plan to a successful conclusion.

The proposed memorial is what Bert would have selected, had the choice been left to him. One of the last letters he wrote was an expression of the hope that the Boy Scout reservation would be completed before he "faded out of the picture." The action of the club

gives assurance that he will never fade out of the picture and that the memory of his unselfish life and the ideals which endeared him to his friends will be preserved as an inspiration to future generations.

Few pens are powerful enough to record the emotions which surged in our souls, the love which filled our hearts, and the impulses which crowded our minds as words of eulogy, sincere as they were, failed to adequately express our admiration for good old Bert.

Bob Parker's eloquent tribute was spoken in simple, tender words that awakened cherished memories and brought consolation to those who were nearest and dearest to Bert.

Willis Sutton's eulogy touched our hearts and his practical proposal that the Bert Adams Scout reservation be completed by friends and associates as a permanent memorial to Bert Adams met with enthusiastic approval.

In endorsing the plan, Bill Glenn and Bill Wardlaw recounted Bert's love of boys and the fine example he left to them in a clean life filled with unselfish, constructive activity.

It was a meeting that will linger long in the memory of those present. It was our tribute to one who has been removed from us, but whose influence remains to guide us in the future, just as he led us in the past when he moved among us in the flesh as good old Bert Adams, the greatest Rotarian of us all.

The idea of completing Bert's picture broached at this meeting was the spark which let loose the energy of two hundred Atlanta Rotarians. They knew that it was the kind of a monument that he would have liked to have given a friend. A drive for a \$75,000 fund to complete the project was launched. The plans are for a headquarters building, assembly building, dining-hall, kitchen, 24 huts for sleeping-quarters, hospital, caretaker's cottage, ladies' restroom, a waterworks, a sewerage system, etc. The plans will be carried out.

* * *

Certainly the laughs of hundreds of teen-age boys reverberating down the great gorge which divides the site of the memorial will be heard in that Elysium to which Bert Adams has gone.

* * *

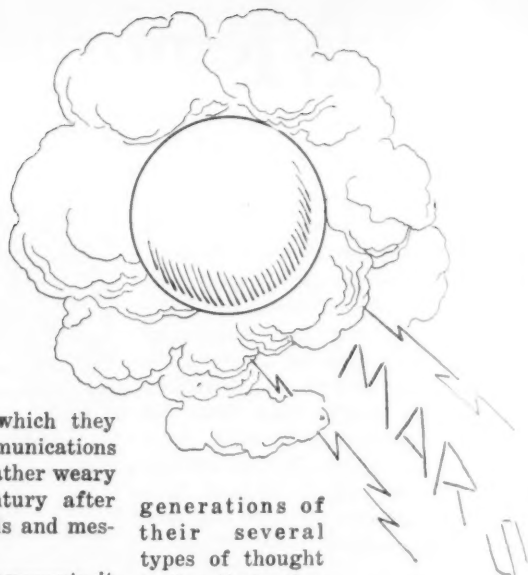
With us who are left on this side Bert Adams has not "faded from the picture."

* * *

And many there may be outside of Atlanta who will desire to contribute to the Bert Adams Memorial Camp.

Mars and Us

By William Moffatt, F. Z. S.



WILD horses could not drag from me the name of the crystal. Yes, Sir, *crystal*. The other night Mars came, as it were, to look in on us. At any rate it came to within forty-three million miles and as this distance on the sidereal plains is only next door, I suddenly found I was receiving a Martian Station and that the "stuff" coming over was a lecture by a Professor Argufy on "Comparative History" in a Martian University. The voice of Professor Argufy came through faintly at first, and throughout the period of contact atmospherics were very annoying. Evidently the Professor had been speaking for some minutes before the Martian Station was picked up, for the first intelligible words were the end of a sentence—

" . . . upon the area of the Polar ice caps of Terra. These matters have been fully explained in my former ten lectures and also, more exactly, in my book entitled 'Through Terror to Terra.'

"Coming to a study of the psychology of humans and to their ethical concepts, it is found, as was to be expected, that their ideas are in the main very crude, primitive, and elementary. This is doubtless due to the youth of the planet. Our histories barely go back to a time when we were as youthful as is Terra now and when our arts and sciences were as infantile as are those practiced on our sister world. It is therefore difficult for us to visualize the mentality of these humans or to follow and sympathise with their efforts and ideals. For example we have for ages been bombarding Terra with messages, hoping to save humans from many of the mistakes into which we saw they were falling. We have been trying to get in touch with them through our ray stations *Alpha, Beta, and Gamma* as we hoped to communicate information and discoveries to them that would expedite their evolution by thousands of years. Sad to say these stupid humans have been blind and deaf to our radiated messages and light signals. Only the hope that any day they may blunder upon the simple means, already and for

so long known to us, by which they could so easily establish communications with us, sustains us in the rather weary business of continuing, century after century, to send them signals and messages.

"In spite of these discouragements it may be said that humans have made very remarkable forward strides during the last few years. If they maintain their present state of progress they will be within measurable distance of overtaking us. Creatures that can show such unmistakable signs of intelligence of such an order need not be despaired of.

"On Terra there exist a great variety of nations and of languages. This in itself would not be a disadvantage did not the consciousness of nationality often degenerate into nationalism with all the pur-blindness, national bigotry, and intolerance that are too often associated with nationalism, and did not the national languages tend to accentuate these characteristics.

"It is otherwise with us, for while we have over twenty nations and as many languages, we have, by the application of an ethical principle not unlike the Sixth Object of Rotary (a Terra organization about which I shall speak later) sublimated national characteristics and preoccupations by recognizing them. Far from ignoring nations and national modes of thought and expression we have encouraged all these variegations of life and, in fact, built our whole civilization upon the dictum 'diversity of method but unity of purpose.' We regard every nation as valuable and every characteristically national contribution of thought and method to the common pool as beyond all price.

"**T**ERRA has not got as far as this yet. One nation looks with suspicion upon the contribution of another. They have not yet developed the family idea or realized their essential unity. With them conquest in ethical matters is still regarded as legitimate and praiseworthy. Instead of a common heritage made up of a diversity of gifts, nations and movements on Terra strive for

generations of their several types of thought to the elimination

of other, or even related, types of thought. Each strives to make its particular the Universal. Moreover, its inhabitants are still in the era of barbarous wars. These wars are partly, and perhaps increasingly, due to the over-emphasis of racial and linguistic differences of which I have spoken, which, if properly understood, as with us could in themselves be such an enriching factor.

"Only recently the most devastating war of which we have any record happened in Terra and although the weapons were of a primitive character, the war was conducted with a barbarity unparalleled and involved a loss of life unprecedented. Fortunately the very enormity of this war has staggered the humans and they are beginning to cast about for means to prevent a repetition of the experience—in fact they have got so far as to institute a League of the Nations. The mere fact that such an organization as a League of the Nations has been set up is in itself a recognition of nationality, *per se*, irrespective of size, or power, or wealth. Nationalism, in so far as it is based upon realities, needs no vindication. It is not a crime to be a nation or to have a national language or to be possessed of a distinctive psychology or to have the mental, moral, and spiritual wherewithal to make a distinct and characteristic contribution to thought and action. On the contrary.

"To revert—a reference to our own history will show that wars ceased in Mars when our weapons became so deadly that to fight meant certain and mutual annihilation—when, in fact, the game was not worth the candle. Humans are getting near this stage and it is quite possible that in this respect we shall witness a repetition of our own history. We now know that we should have stopped wars from a different motive from the one which in fact

operated but the ethical and moral conceptions which are now strong enough in themselves to exercise a prohibitive force in respect of war, were, at the time of which I speak, underdeveloped and too weak to gain effective control.

"You will see that in this respect alone Terra is showing signs of progress and is emerging slowly from her night of terror imposed by her ethics of the jungle.

"DO not suppose, however, that this is the only evidence of progress exhibited by Terra. During the last few years a very remarkable movement, called Rotary and to which I referred a moment ago has originated in one of the nations of Terra and has spread with astonishing rapidity throughout Terra. I propose to call your attention in this lecture to this movement, named by humans Rotary, because this organization resembles, curiously enough, in many of its important features phases of our own long-past thought and practice. So much so is this the case that Rotary might be called an echo of our experience centuries ago. In fact we so often observe in Terra what might be called recapitulations of our history that the hypothesis of the organic and cultural unity of the Universe is in fact becoming a recognized law. Everywhere Life rises crescendo and in the insurgency of its rise it follows known laws of Being. The higher it rises the greater is the rapidity of its ascent and the more faithfully does it repeat the history of Life in other and older spheres.

"Rotary is a proof of the truth of this hypothesis, for no movement in Terra has more faithfully repeated any known phase of our own history. Of course the problems obtaining in Terra are somewhat different to our own inasmuch as there a great variety of nations, languages, and cultures, exist, while with us there are only twenty States, and these are federated under a supreme government and have a common language dominant over all the territorial vernaculars.

"It will thus be seen that any ethical movement in Terra will encounter problems that are no longer real problems with us and therefore it will not be a faithful recapitulation of what we know as our somewhat similar movement of eight centuries ago. But the point is that our movement began under conditions not so very dissimilar to those that now obtain in Terra, and as ours materially helped us to evolve a world-consciousness and thus rid ourselves of conditions such as hamper humans now, it is to be expected that Rotary will render a similar

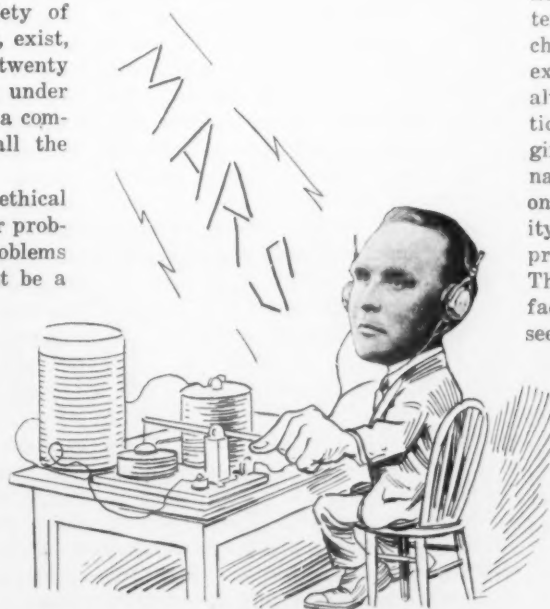
signal service to Terra. In fact it will do so if the hypothesis of the cultural unity of the Universe remains true.

"We have been familiar with Rotary since its very inception but during its early days it did not seem important and little attention was given to it. It set out with somewhat pedestrian and mundane objects but men of foresight and goodwill came into it and a fresh orientation took place. Quite suddenly it became significant—sufficiently significant to justify our detailing three observers to keep tuned in on it, one each on its Thought, Personalities, and Work. Since that time the closest record of every phase of it has been kept and the further it advances the more significant it becomes.

"In parenthesis I may say that, as was to be expected, the bulk of humans remain in ignorance of its existence and comparatively few of them are well acquainted with its real worth. Stranger still, many Rotarians themselves are quite badly informed as to the real value of their own movement.

"As soon as we became really interested in Rotary, and had accumulated a mass of material on it, I started to get into closer touch with some of its leading personalities.

"Most of the leaders of thought and action in Rotary have been amplified and they show remarkable unanimity in displaying the characteristics of Friendliness, Goodwill, Idealism, Altruism, and High Spirits. We have now a whole library of these amplifications, and the thoughts, speeches and actions of every subject have been carefully documented, filed, card-indexed, annotated, and synthesised. In a subsequent lecture I shall return to this aspect of my subject.



"Wild horses could not drag from me the name of the crystal."

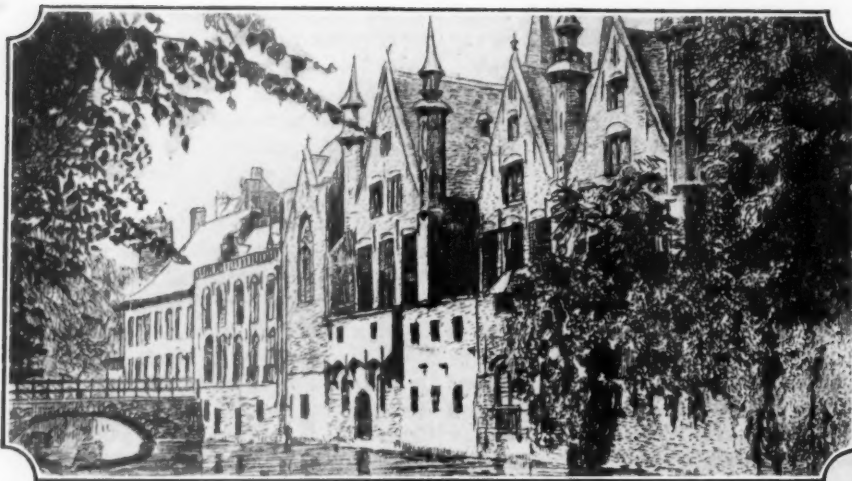
"At the moment I am more immediately concerned with the International aspect of this significant movement.

"There is an idea, held by some prominent and influential Rotarians, that it is possible to organize and run Rotary as a Universal unit and without reference to nationality. These Rotarians envisage the world of Rotary as one grand simplicity—on the one hand the Rotary International Headquarters and on the other hand the Rotary club. In this theory of undiluted universality the club is just a club no matter whether it be in China or Canada, in Germany or Guatemala; no matter what its color, language, race, or culture—it is still only a unit club. The theory cuts across a thousand loyalties, ignores a thousand difficulties and at one sweep reduces all Rotarians everywhere to a common denominator. Humans are very widely diverse in culture, in psychology, in history, race, and outlook. Almost any given fact will be interpreted differently by being so widely dissimilar as are those on Terra. The whole planet is like a patchwork quilt not only in one way but in many ways. According to the Grand Theory the Central Authority (which is elected on a democratic basis) will devise programs, enact regulations, and perform all the functions of universal government and expect that these acts will secure universal approval; will be put into operation in all nations unaltered in spirit and in letter and that purely national minds (if there is such a thing) will not graft upon these programs, etc., any flavor of national thought.

"OF course the Grand Theory ignores the fact that in the first place these programs are not (and perhaps never can be) international in character, tone, method of approach, or psychologically. They are, needless to say, excellent programs in themselves and always will find a ready and enthusiastic welcome in the country of their origin. That fact alone proves them to be national programs, not international ones. They are redolent of their nativity. They are, perhaps necessarily, the product of one national type of thought. They are called International when, in fact, they are national in character. You see nationality will out. A great human,

Abraham Lincoln, said that God never made one people good enough to rule another people. And it is much to be doubted whether He ever made one people good enough or wise enough to give a program of ethics and of action to another people. This is by no means criticism of the leading Rotary nation. Any other nation would almost cer-

(Continued on page 47)



"Bruges is a veritable shrine . . . an echo of a glorious past which can never die."

" . . . the striking Hotel de Ville with its lace-like tracery and tower 370 feet high."

Irrepressible Belgium

By Fred Hamilton Rindge

WHEN one travels in Belgium, he travels through time as well as space. Here past and present clasp hands and reminders of bygone ages reach out from the very midst of modern industrial civilization. In thriving Liège, traces of the arts of Charlemagne's time may still be found; quaint old Bruges preserves the famous belfry which called the commune to arms; beautiful Brussels still boasts a town-hall filled with the luxury of ancient Burgundy; and even commercial Antwerp breathes the atmosphere of the late Renaissance.

For centuries the area of what is now Belgium formed the heart of Europe and the battleground of conflicting forces. The results of these struggles have to a large extent determined the world's destiny. Here in less than 12,000 square miles great treaties have been signed, great buildings erected, great pictures painted, great songs sung, great traditions established—and these live today, in spite of wars and rumors of wars. And here people of two races, distinct in blood and language, have formed a united nation, to the amazement of history!

Back in 57 B. C., when Caesar's victorious legions attempted to conquer the fishermen and hunters of this ancient land, they met a resistance which caused the mighty general to

exclaim, "These are the bravest of all the Gauls." Later came the Salic Franks, who succeeded in extending their rule under Clovis in the latter part of the fifth century. Even at this early date the two great divisions of Flanders and the Walloon country began to manifest themselves, and still exist. Pepin of Heristall, the Belgian, was the father of Charles Martel, the "Hammerer" who crushed the Saracens. Charlemagne gained control of the Western Empire in 800 and the Netherlands gained steadily. Bruges, Courtrai, Ghent and Antwerp became centers of famous cloth weaving, manufacture, and trade; Liège and Tournai were the seats of powerful bishops; Louvain and Namur were the headquarters of battling counts. Feudalism, the Crusades, Christianity, the rise of independent towns all wrought their influence. In 1066 the country joined with William the Conqueror, and Flemish knights fought with the Normans at Hastings. When Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, defeated a giant Saracen and bore away his shield with its black lion this became the emblem of Flanders.

Civilization leaped forward in the



Twelfth Century when Philip instituted trial by jury. In 1260 the cities of Flanders sought French protection against their Count, but four decades later overthrew the new masters in such famous conflicts as "the battle of the spurs" at Courtrai. Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, began his rule in 1384. Later Philip the Good summoned a Grand Council which formed the beginnings of a modern parliament, and he also established at Bruges the order of the Golden Fleece. Jan Van Eyck, whose paintings are now eagerly sought by travelers, was court painter to Philip. We catch fleeting glimpses of the splendor of the old Burgundian days in the accounts of the striking retinues of powerful lords. The Duke of Burgundy had a personal bodyguard of one hundred brilliantly clad gentlemen and two hundred archers, while the Bishop of Liège was accompanied by two hundred cavaliers wearing dazzling white costumes and mounted on great white steeds.

In 1477 the Netherlands came into

possession of the House of Hapsburg, through marriage, and in 1555 passed to the turbulent rule of Spain. The northern provinces revolted successfully in 1568, cut the dikes, drove out the enemy, and became the Kingdom of Holland, while the southern provinces continued under Spanish sway until the peace of Utrecht in 1713. A century before, Rubens had been appointed court painter and the arts had been largely fostered. After a period of Austrian domination France gained and held control until 1814. On June 15, 1815, Napoleon's advance guard again crossed the frontier while the Duke of Wellington was attending a ball in Brussels, in the house of the Duchess of Richmond. The site of this historic place is pointed out enthusiastically by the modern guides. Then came Waterloo (the scene of which may be easily visited by motor today) and the defeated Napoleon fled to Paris.

THE treaties of London and Vienna united Belgium and Holland into the Kingdom of the Netherlands under William of Orange but this was short-lived. In 1830 a revolution began in Brussels and spread rapidly. The powers were obliged to constitute Belgium an independent country. Its new Constitution gave it a representative government, freedom of the press, trial by jury, universal education, and religious tolerance. Leopold I, the uncle of Queen Victoria, was made king. He developed the country's resources and left it a well-organized state. His son, Leopold II, expanded its industry and agriculture and annexed the Congo Free State in 1908. In the following year he died and was succeeded by his nephew Albert. Even before the World War he was known as "The People's King" and his wife, Queen Elisabeth, had won universal admiration. Since the war he has been adored universally by his loyal people.

Belgium's noble part in the last great struggle is too well known to need elaboration here. Always irrepressible, she has rapidly returned to normal. She has suffered much, but with that indomitable spirit of her King and people, has risen triumphant. Today her shining eyes are turned not toward her difficult past, but toward her brilliant future. As never before her 8,000,000 people form a united nation which no difference of race, language, and customs can weaken. Approximately 4,000,000 of her inhabitants speak Flemish, 3,000,000 speak mostly French while an-



"Boy Playing with Marbles," a bronze by P. J. Bouré.

other million Belgians use both languages. The Walloons and Flemings have never engaged in a racial war, have kept their identity of religion, and are proud of their joint classification as Belgians. The line that divides the French and Flemish-speaking towns runs roughly east and west, from Vise to Courtrai, with the capital midway in its course. To the north are the busy factory towns of Flanders and the River Scheldt, teeming with commerce. To the south lie the mines and mountains, and the winding Meuse, the river of romance. Here also are the energetic thrifty Walloon peasants, quite a contrast to their easy-going devout brothers of the northern soil.

Perhaps the country of the Meuse and Sambre, abounding in legends, historic associations, beautiful scenery and romantic villas is the most attractive part of Belgium, but who shall say? It is all entrancing! The forest of Arden (scene of "As You Like It") which sheltered Belgian tribes in Caesar's time, furnishes a wonderful playground in Luxemburg and

portions of the provinces of Namur and Liège.

Thousands of people visit these more isolated districts every season to rest from the labors of the city and to breathe *le grand air de la campagne*. St. Hubert, famous for its shrine of the Hunter Saint, is the objective of one of the regular pilgrimages and is an excellent center for those who wish to walk, cycle, or drive through the best portions of the ancient forests. At Bouillon one can visit the noted castle of Godfrey of Bouillon, in many ways the most mediæval of the fortresses.

The peasants are simple, good-hearted, industrious people. Their grey figures can often be discerned threading their way across the fields in the faint light of dawn or returning along the winding roads in the sunset. Many of the men still wear the characteristic blue-linen smock, short trousers, grey worsted stockings and clumsy wooden shoes; but on Sundays, what a change! A peasant family clad in its best togs is a sight to behold, and the stroll to church and the Sabbath dinner are real occasions, often graced by the favorite



"... it seemed quite incongruous to discover a motion picture theater, opposite the belfry, with large flaming posters announcing, 'The Mysteries of New York.'"



"The big dogs are forever pulling their milk-carts laden with bright copper and brass kettles."

Burgundy, if the budget admits. On this day dignity is restored and even the cattle which dot the landscape seem to enjoy a day of rest. Flanders unfolds an expansive vista of fields and meadows, cut by high poplars along the roads and tiny streams fringed with willows. "Flanders fields" are enlivened not only by red poppies but by red roofs. Under the tiles are neat little brick houses with white-washed walls and green shutters. Here and there a black chimney or a church spire rises skyward. South of the Meuse the Walloon cottages are drab-colored with slate roofs and walls of grey or brown stone, hauled from local quarries.

Life for the farmer is a constant gamble, and success or failure depends largely on the uncertain weather. No wonder the appearance of the plodders is a bit heavy, yet the light in their eyes may at any instant reveal the poet submerged in the clumsiest yokel. Simple pleasures are enlivened by the four great Christian festivals and by the Kermesse, or village fair—a delight to old and young. Then music, parades, sports, prizes, food and drink cheer the downhearted. It is indeed amusing to see a group of competitors, with faces smeared with glue, plunging their heads into barrels of feathers in order to extract a hidden coin, or climbing a greased pole to win a suckling pig. After a Flemish "kermesse" life begins anew.

THE great coal districts of Belgium, around Mons, Le Louvière, Charleroi and Liège, and the more recently developed Campine area, are known as "le Borinage," or "the place of boring," and the people are quite different from the rest of the population. The toil of generations has left its mark on their physique and education. Coal is the most important of Belgium's products, though iron and zinc are increasingly valuable. The manufacturing districts are noted for their steel, glass, linen, woolens, firearms, etc., and the production of some of these industries is even greater than before the war! The rural areas yield an abundance of flax, rye, oats, wheat, potatoes, and sugar beets. Large estates are now scarce, and the average farmer owns about five to nine acres of land, which he is willing to fight and die for, if necessary. Industry and agriculture, North and South, supplement each other in remarkable fashion; Flemings and Walloons are different, yet they inherit a common tradition, and are always ready to face a common enemy. Both manifest exceptional pride in their local customs, and the Central Government can at no time defy the authority of that most important personage, the Burgomaster.

One can travel from England to

Ostend by boat in a few hours or by aeroplane in a few minutes and land in the Atlantic City of Belgium. A town of sailors has become a city of tourists, and a place of one hotel has in fifty years grown into a "resort" in every sense of the word, with hundreds of thousands of people crowding its hospitable streets, promenades, and Kursaal during "the season." One may walk eight miles straight down the famous "dike," swim in the blue waters under a turquoise sky, and enjoy sunbaths on one of the world's finest beaches. Many other well-known seaside resorts are within easy access and the ride from Ostend to the capital is always interesting.

An oft-quoted saying of the middle ages has been translated: "Brussels



"The Paddler," Meunier's statue in the Brussels Museum.

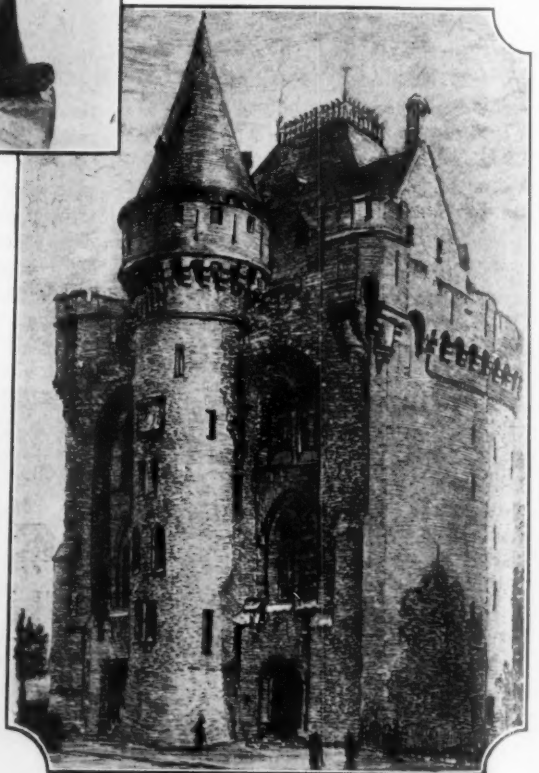
for its noblemen, Antwerp for its moneyed people, Ghent for its neckcords (referring to its submission in 1540), Bruges for its pretty girls, Louvain for its learned men, and Malines for its fools." The last epithet was applied facetiously, because according to ancient legend, the people of Malines thronged into the streets one night to extinguish a great fire which they discovered was only the moon shining through the towers of St. Rombaut.

If Belgium is the epitome of Western Europe, Brussels is unquestionably the epitome of Belgium. It is not only a mediæval town

like Bruges and a renaissance city like Antwerp, but boasts entire sections in the classic style of the Eighteenth Century. In its center is the "Grand Place" where public executions, riots, tournaments, pageants, and merchandising once took place. Today one stands there beside the flower market and gazes in admiration at the quaint, gabled guild-houses and the striking Hôtel de Ville with its lace-like tracery and tower 370 feet high. The construction of this imposing building was begun in 1402, and within may be found several fine tapestries. On a corner back of the Hôtel de Ville stands one of Europe's curiosities, the Mannikin Fountain.

THE Gallery of Old Pictures and the numerous museums are a real joy to the art lover, and the Palais des Beaux-Arts is a gem in itself. Here one sees the originals of some of the best known of Meunier's realistic bronzes of industrial life. The long avenue of the upper town is bordered with lime trees, planted by Prince Charles of Lorraine in the Eighteenth Century. It forms a half-circle extending from the Botanical Garden to the Porte de Hal. Excellent train service takes one anywhere in the city and deposits one at the principal centers of interest. One of the most imposing structures is the Palace of Justice, the largest architectural work of the Nineteenth Century. The actual area of the building is greater than St. Peter's at Rome and its gilded

(Continued on page 44)



"In Brussels one encounters real reminders of the feudal strongholds of the past."

Rotary's Place in Boys Work

By Paul Rieger

Chairman of the Boys Work Committee
of Rotary International

"MY son come back *somebody*," so said the peasant mother as her son went to the big city—and Gambetta of France came back perhaps the greatest of her statesmen.

This is a favorite story of Harry Rogers our International President, and often has he said Boys Work and Business Methods should go hand in hand in Rotary.

And so it is that President Harry has asked that an article be written for THE ROTARIAN on "Rotary's Place in Boys Work" an article that would present the attitude of the International Committee on this subject.

Rotarians are busy men—let me be brief. Bear in mind, men, that Boys Work is not a basic activity of Rotary. It is a community activity that Rotarians as individuals can well take a hand in.

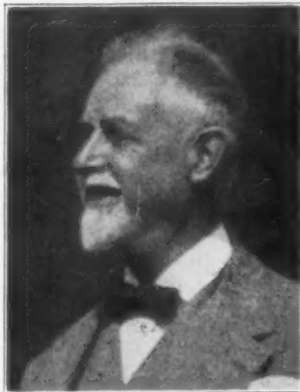
We should get away from much of the spectacular work for boys. Don't misunderstand me. The mass work of Rotary clubs is splendid but the work should not end there. Boys' bands, boys' camps, Boy Scouts, boys' parades all have their place. But the work that counts, the work that lasts, is what you as an individual Rotarian do for some boy.

Many of these mass activities are injured by a Rotary club getting back of them. By having it known in the community that they finance them year after year, the community at large says, "Oh, that is a Rotary job, why should we help. So Rotary shoulders what should be a community affair.

And many a Rotarian gives a check for \$10.00 and thinks he is a real boy worker. What the boy wants is a little of the time of the Rotarian himself. The contact of the individual Rotarian with the individual boy is what counts. His example counts, his knowledge counts, that he is a red-blooded active business or professional man counts.

Rotarians are successful men. You are leaders in your line of business or profession. As successful men you have probably seen to it that the distribution of your property is provided for by will or trust. But men—what are you going to do with your head? To whom will you leave that marvelous power that has made you a success? Will that power pass out with you and be lost?

Are there not lads close by to whom you can distribute some of that splendid ability of yours. The boy that is just hungry for a word from a real man. The average boy is just plain lonesome.



PAUL RIEGER

I am not speaking of the underprivileged boy. We do much for him now. But I speak of the great majority of boys—the ordinary garden variety—your boy and mine. The boy in your employ. The boy in the high school. The boy that is just going to drift along in life and become a fairly decent man of mediocre achievement.

Here is the chance for the Rotarian with his ability to lift these boys to a higher level of achievement. To bring out the latent power of the boy. Think of the opportunities in the next twenty-five years for the boys of to-day and take just a few moments of your time

to arouse in them a desire to work, a desire to achieve, a desire "to be somebody."

This is your work Rotarians. I am presuming, of course, you spend some time with your own boy every day. If you do not you cannot be classed as a Rotarian. But that done, what about other boys?

The Scout motto is, "do a good turn every day."

I would fasten a motto on your door that you might read it every morning as you leave home—"talk to some boy to-day."

We of the International Committee on Boys Work are not reformers or uplifters. No—no—just hard-headed business men—a pork-packer, a cement manufacturer, a bed manufacturer, a real-estate dealer, and a manufacturing chemist—men who are looking at the boy of to-day and the tremendous possibilities of lifting the ordinary boy to the desire for higher achievement—the desire to be somebody.

And most of you who have read as far as this will turn the page and say, yes, I guess that is so and forget that you can do something.

But there will be a few who will determine to give more of themselves to the boy—a work of encouragement to the boy at the street corner, the boy in your employ, the boy next to you in the car, the caddy on the links.

To visit the schools and watch the game and learn to know the boy and to give out to him some of that power of success that is yours. It will be well-spent time.

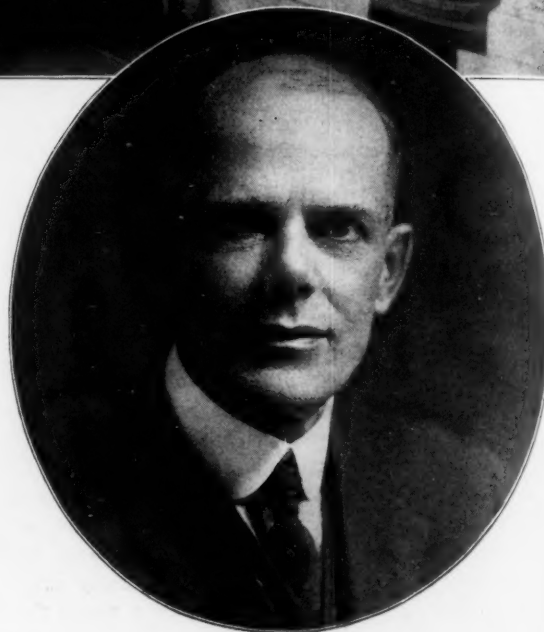
And this is the Rotarian's place in Boys Work, not the spectacular where your name will be heralded—but the splendid influence that you and each Rotarian may have upon the character and upon the future achievements of the boy—the boy that in an endless chain will pass along your thought, your ability, your character to still other hundreds of boys—as he takes your place in the community as a man.



This is a familiar Saturday-morning sight in any one of the three banks in Grove City, Pa. The photograph shows the Mercer County Thrift Club, one of several organized among the boys and girls in the farming communities surrounding Grove City. At right—Edwin B. Harshaw, vice-president and cashier of the Grove City (Pa.) National Bank and first president of the Rotary Club of Grove City.

Home Dollars for the Home Town

By William J. Maddox



IN SPITE of its name, Grove City was just an ordinary, every-day, western-Pennsylvania small town. It was not the center of anything, certainly not of a dairying region. There were a few pastures, but they furnished little more than an athletic field for a nondescript cow or two. Years before, a creamery had been started, only to languish out a brief existence. Then came a cheese factory, which ended up in the hands of the sheriff.

Grove City was no exception among small towns. There was the usual Chinese Wall of suspicion and prejudice between the townspeople and the country folk. Every spring and fall the rural carrier cursed his load of mail-order catalogs. And the merchants of

the town got but little trade from beyond the corporation limits. The people out there didn't have the money, for one thing.

What cash the bank didn't lend out "on proper conditions"—which practically eliminated the farmer from getting any of it—was sent off to the big city for investment.

To the more thoughtful business men of Grove City this was not as it should be. Among them was Edwin B. Harshaw, cashier of the Grove City National Bank. Home dollars, he believed, should be put to doing home work. He began preaching this text. But where was the "home work" that needed any more dollars than it was now getting? There were folks who thought the young banker a trifle romantic.

"Out there," he would reply waving his arm toward the countryside beyond the town. Then they would go away with a smile, that is, all but a few of the more far-sighted business men. What Grove City needed—according to the way young Harshaw saw it—was a home industry that would demolish the Chinese Wall and draw closer together the town merchant and the farmer in a common interest and prosperity.

Just about that time—1914—Harshaw got wind of something that made him suddenly alert. The United States Department of Agriculture was seeking a location for a creamery where it could try out under actual commercial conditions methods that seemed pretty good

in laboratories. A number of locations were under consideration. He talked it over with a number of business men of the town. Then he opened up negotiations with the department.

As a prospective dairying region Grove City didn't look very promising. There were other locations far better equipped naturally. Dairying experts went over the ground carefully. The one thing that did impress them was the earnestness of the young cashier and the business men behind him.

Grove City must finance the project, he was told. But in return the creamery would have the benefit of its official connection with the department, insuring the best of markets for its products. Of course, this was not to be used in advertising. There were a number of pretty stringent conditions, but Harshaw agreed, and less than a year later, May 3, 1915, the new creamery opened for business.

Plans called for a \$12,000 plant. As a result of Harshaw's canvass a \$32,000 creamery was erected.

RIGHT here it should be pointed out that the creamery is not a dividend-profit proposition. The Grove City men had too broad a vision for that. They were embarked in developing a community, under the leadership of young Harshaw, not in creating a good investment for a few lucky stockholders.

The Grove City Creamery, incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, is a stock company. But it has a co-operative feature that is the big thing. After a rate of dividend, fixed by the agreement between the creamery and the Department of Agriculture, is paid,

the profits are returned to the farmers in proportion to the amount of cream each has brought in during the year.

That was a powerful blow at the Chinese Wall.

But these business men went even farther. In January, 1916, the department added an extension expert to its staff at Grove City, a man whose mission it was to build up better herds. That was the key to building up a real dairying community and these community builders knew it. Even the names of the great dairy breeds were almost unknown to many of the farmers when the creamery opened its doors. Cows were just cows to the most of them. Blood-lines were an unheard of mark of distinction.

Harshaw had a conference with the new man. The outcome was that the bank agreed to buy carloads of approved pure-bred dairy cows, ship them at its own risk to Grove City, and sell them to the farmers at exact cost, the farmers then to draw lots for the choice of cows.

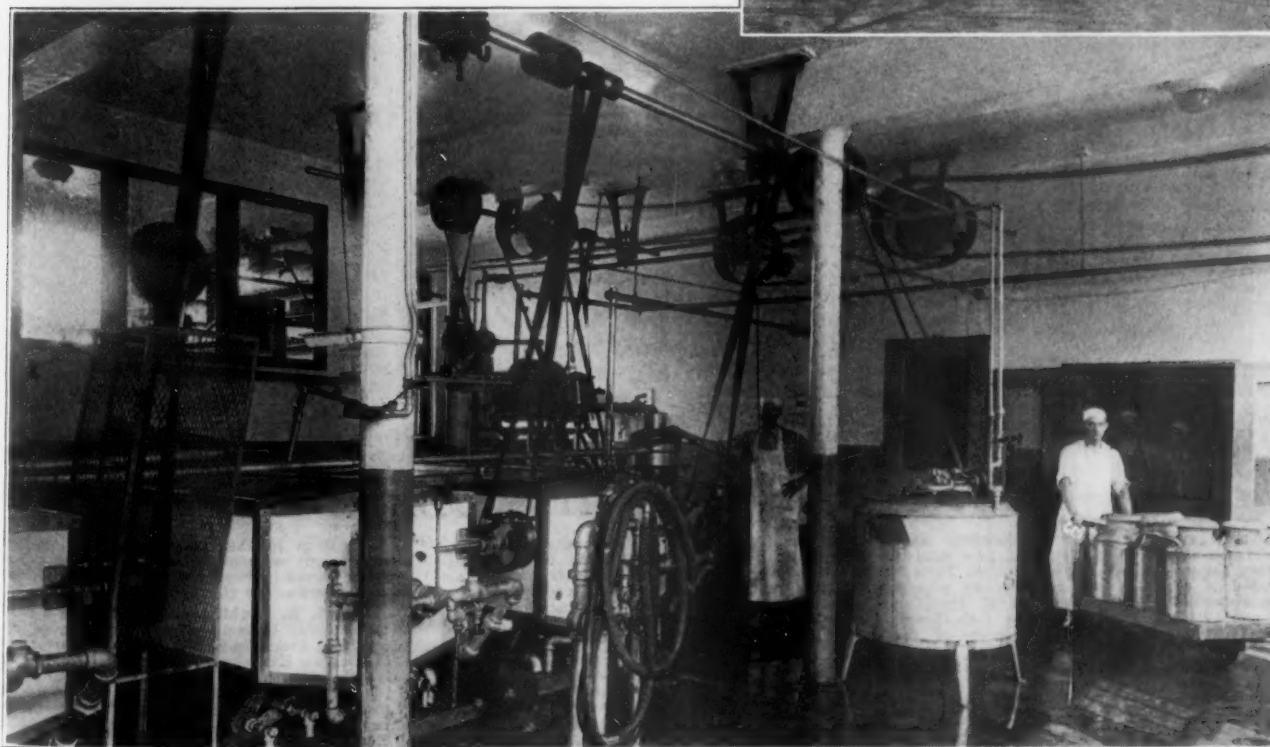
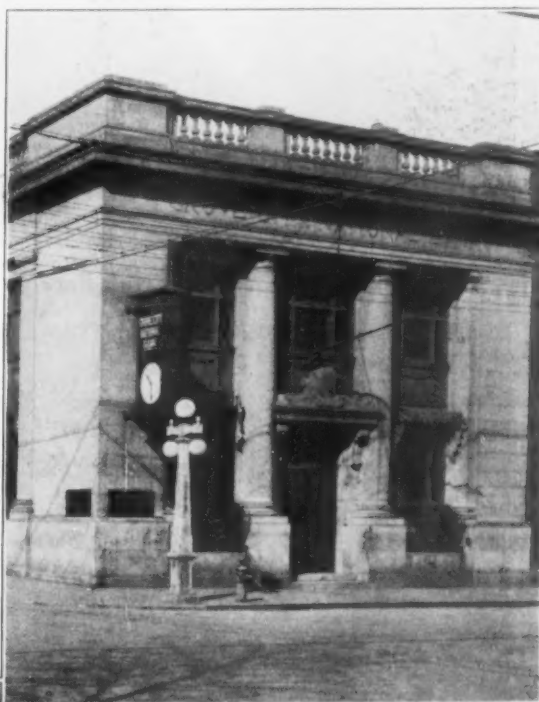
At right—The Grove City National Bank. Below—A section of the farmers' co-operative dairy at Grove City, Pa., showing the "pasteurization room." This dairy, the result of community effort, was the beginning of a series of projects which changed the business and agricultural complexion of a whole community.

When the success of this had been proved, the bank financed the purchase of pure-bred bulls, four bulls to each of three breeders' associations. A boys' and girls' pure-bred calf club was the next step in the bank's program, which began growing as the full possibilities of the undertaking became apparent. The bank financed the purchase of pure-bred calves for the community's dairy-men and farm wives of to-morrow.

At the same time, and under the leadership of the bank also, cow-testing associations were formed and the work of culling out the slackers undertaken.

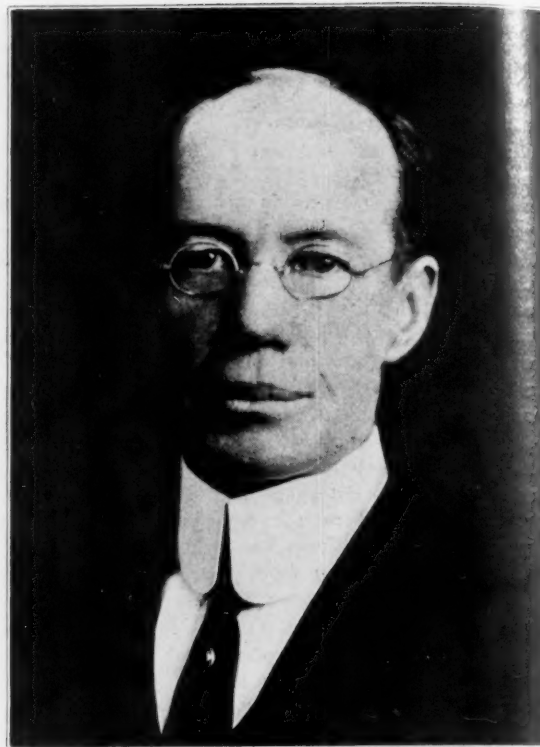
One of the most effective organiza-

(Continued on page 56)





KEICHI YAMASAKI, Lima, Peru



THOMAS D. BOYD, Baton Rouge, La.



HAROLD K. DAVISON, Woodsville, N. H.



DR. W. E. HOCKING, Devils Lake, N. D.

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Keichi ("Kay") Yamasaki, formerly Japanese consul-general at Honolulu, now minister from Japan to Peru. Welcomed at Peru, he stated it was his responsibility to promote understanding between peoples of Peru and Japan. "With this end in view I shall study Peru and impart exact knowledge of your country to my people far away at home; I shall do my best to provide you with authentic data about Japan; I shall always be guided by the Rotary Motto 'Service Above Self.'"

Col. Thomas D. Boyd, highly honored by the Rotary Club recently, is the retiring president

of the Louisiana State University, which post he has held for thirty years. He is a past president of the National Association of State Colleges; noted for his quiet, modest, unostentatious, but effective work in education; served as college president without remuneration during the reconstruction period of the South.

Harold K. Davison, thirty-three, unanimously elected Speaker of the New Hampshire Legislature; one of the youngest men holding a similar post. He is secretary of the Woodsville-Wells River (N. H.) Rotary Club (the "Straddle-the-River club"!); is serving his

third term in the state legislature; is past department commander of the American Legion; served in France with the 26th Division; was decorated by the French Government.

Dr. W. E. Hocking, member of the Dental Educational Council of America; served recently as president of the National Association of Dental Examiners; is largely responsible for action resulting in adoption of a uniform plan of examination of dentists permitting practice in any state. He is a charter member and past president of the Devils Lake Rotary Club.

The Fort Worth Creed

Citizenship—From a Rotarian's Viewpoint

By Lewis D. Fox

PAUL P. HARRIS, the Founder of Rotary, says it is a man-sized job to be a good Rotarian, and he who lives up to its precepts is a good neighbor, kind friend, loving husband, companionable father, and an asset to the community in which he lives, a real man—a Rotarian.

The Britishers have a way of saying that a good Rotarian is judged by three recognizable tests, the application of the Rotary ideal of service to his personal, to his business, and to his community life, which after all is one of Rotary's objects, isn't it?

However, let us follow this line of thought for a little bit: First—*As to Personal Conduct.* We should strive to be seven-day-a-week Rotarians, not don a cloak of decency, good fellowship, and high ideals to be worn only on our meeting days, but throughout the whole week we should practice what we preach, attend and support the church of our faith, keep our lives clean and above reproach. Man cannot live to himself alone, each one of us, even the humblest, exerts an influence either for good or bad. As Rotarians, on account of the high ideals to which we have subscribed, possibly more is expected of us than would otherwise be the case. We should step out from the crowd and stand out in the community as exemplifications of the true ideals of Rotary.

Second—*As to the Rotarian's Business Life.* Is it, or is it not a success? Do not get the wrong idea—I do not mean solely successful in dollars and cents, but are the ideals of service and fair dealings being exemplified in our business? Does the Rotary emblem on your window mean what it says, i. e., "This is the place of business of a Rotarian. All who enter here are assured of a square

deal, intelligent, thoughtful service and honest merchandise or service sold at a fair price." No higher compliment could be paid to Rotarians, than to have it said by those who have dealt with us and know us, that we are square and that our word is as good as our bond. Are we members of our craft association? Are we carrying to it the ideals that Rotary teaches and are we trying to elevate the standing of the business classification we represent? Keep this in mind—that our classification in Rotary doesn't simply represent, for instance, the John Brown Company who might and should be the leading jewelers, but represents the whole jewelry business in the community.

Third—*The Rotarian as a Citizen.* Possibly the greatest service that a Rotarian performs in the community is in making us, as citizens, conscious of our individual civic responsibility and in-

spiring us to take our proper place in the general scheme of things. Rotary is an effort to accomplish worldwide good by placing squarely on the shoulders of the individual, full responsibility for conditions within his reach. There is nothing new about Rotary—only its name. The service that it renders is the same sort of service that has always been given by those who believe in the Golden Rule. Rotary merely accentuates the opportunity to express man's spiritual possibilities without regard to race or creed. Somewhere I once read a very pretty and appealing interpretation of the significance of the Rotary Wheel. Likening the twenty-four cogs of the wheel to the twenty-four hours of the day meaning that Rotary should be practiced all the time. The hub of the wheel is the Club, the spokes are the service radiating from the club in supporting the activities of the community. The length of the

spokes determine the size of the wheel, and in like manner, the amount of service the club renders determines the extent of its circle of influence. Because the wheel is round, it suggests that a Rotarian be an all-round man, striving to do his part in every worthy enterprise. You note that there are twenty-four cogs, but only six spokes, which may be taken to mean, four times as much work as talk.

Whatever a Rotary club may be, it should never aspire to be a substitute for the Chamber of Commerce; however, it is and will always be an active aid to the Chamber, and has, and will continue to supply the leaders, as well as the fellows to do the leg work for the projects that the Chamber undertakes to put over. This is applied Rotary.

The Chamber of Commerce is primarily
(Continued on page 58)

The Fort Worth Creed

THE congregation of people in great cities has made it necessary that there be a definite program of progressive policies whereby cities may not only be healthful places in which to live, but places where we can live happily, with recreational advantages, easy transportation, good schools, and churches, etc. A definite idea of our aims is always better than indefinite policies. Therefore the two paragraphs quoted below, taken from the Fort Worth Creed, are pertinent. These two paragraphs were preceded by several paragraphs expressing belief in the past, present, and future greatness of Fort Worth:

"I pledge to my City a more sincere effort to reach a complete understanding of her problems, a more tolerant attitude toward her limitations, a more hopeful conception of her possibilities, a more active participation in her civic activities; and I specifically and voluntarily pledge that during 1927, as I go about the duties of my vocation, I will, the Lord being my helper, refrain from disparaging remarks about My City, My Chamber of Commerce, the City Officials elected to serve My City, and about My Fellow-man.

"And, further that I will qualify myself to vote and exercise my right of suffrage on all public questions, local, state, and national. That I will accept jury service as a good citizen when my name is drawn, and further that I will purchase the luxuries and necessities used by me in my daily life from the merchants of My City, and finally, I will endeavor to let no day pass without doing to the best of my ability some little bit looking to the betterment of My Home Town.

Principles of Unionism

A reply to the question: "What does Labor want?"

By William Green

President of the American Federation of Labor

THE American labor movement is the product of influences and conditions of the New World. It is not a foreign importation but in method and purpose is a part of the American endeavor to realize democratic ideals. As America recognizes no artificial barriers between individuals, so the labor movement attempts to hold open the doors of opportunity to all who work for wages. With guarantees of fundamental rights—politically through the constitution and economically through trade unions—American workmen seek opportunity to develop in accord with capacity. There is an atmosphere and tradition of individual initiative that distinguishes American life. This is reflected in the sturdy insistence of American labor on voluntary principles. Just as the American citizenry has been practical in its desire to exercise an influence on this continent for the better service of humanity, so wage earners have demonstrated constructive idealism in recognizing that the promotion of their best interests is conditioned by the promotion of the welfare of all.

American labor has not permitted itself to be beguiled into impractical methods, but has concentrated on so directing each day's work that it shall constitute a stepping-stone to better things tomorrow.

The beginnings of unionism in America were based upon developments and experiences of labor movements of various countries, brought to North American shores by immigrants. But methods and ideals evolved against a background of class institutions had to be adapted to conditions inherently democratic. America symbolizes opportunity for those who know how to use it. It is profoundly significant that American trade-unions focus their efforts on collective bargaining to provide good working conditions, a fair work-day and higher wages rather than in a struggle against another and more fortunate class. American labor believes that betterment lies through making sustained progress in establishing more equitable conditions in the work of production and through increasing the output of industry. This policy makes important cooperation for reciprocal benefits—a distinguishing development of American trade-unionism. This policy

makes possible cooperation in working out production problems. This development symbolizes the difference between the labor movement of the Old World and the New World.

In America the movement rests squarely on voluntary principles. Unions have local autonomy and we hold that development must come from within and hence that compulsory methods bring no permanent results. A corollary of our voluntary premise is the importance which we attach to educational work. I will briefly describe this work under the following divisions: economic, political, educational.

Economic. Individual workers cannot make an equitable work agreement with management. The individual contract results in an arbitrary offer by management which the worker accepts or not as the urgency of his necessities may dictate. If work agreements are to represent joint conceptions of management and employees, they must be negotiated and not dictated. To participate in wage negotiations, workers must have representatives which necessitates organization. If the negotiations are to be honest in spirit and in method, there must be equal footing in joint discussion. This comes only through organizations of the workers' own choice and making—or in other words trade-unions. Wage negotiations are concerned at first with wages, hours, and work conditions. When collective bargaining establishes economic standards assuring equitable relations and fair treatment, the foundations of mutual confidence and good-will are laid. Reciprocal confidence and good-will constitute an environment that fosters creative work. Men may work under conditions of oppression and compulsion, but creative work is peculiarly the product of an unfettered, confident mind.

THROUGH the shorter work-day and higher wages, collective bargaining lifts the plane on which workers live. A shorter work-day means relief from fatigue that degrades, and more wages open doors to life's opportunities. High wages mean better homes, more of comfort and beauty in living, music, recreation, amusements, and better opportunities for children. The wage-earner who owns his home, has a bank account and investments and feels that

employment will be steady, makes a very different contribution to community life from the underpaid worker whose intermittent employment makes home standards very precarious.

In order that production may continue at capacity there must be ready sale for the products of all industries. High wages are necessary to prevent products from piling up in the store houses or on merchants' shelves. Organization is necessary to keep wage rates in proportion to increased efficiency and productivity.

Quite apart from the necessity of organization to assure wage-earners the maintenance of standards of industrial justice, organization is necessary for the development of the workers vocationally. Fundamentally the union is to the workers what the professional and trade associations are to others performing different functions. The union, however, cannot make much headway developing along vocational lines until collective bargaining has created the basis of cooperation between union and management.

Political. In this field also the union movement has a distinctively American policy. The American Federation of Labor has never advocated the formation of a wage-earners' political party, because it does not feel that it has separate group interests upon the major number of public policies. Upon certain labor problems and issues labor has found it necessary to seek legislative enactments. To accomplish such purposes labor mobilizes its political power along non-partisan lines. Our major political activities have been therefore to secure the election of persons committed to certain legislative proposals favored by Labor. Our political campaigns have been in support of legislative principles and not political parties.

We have consistently given our support to measures to provide equality of political opportunity and participation in political decisions and we have sought to make government responsible to the will of the people.

Educational. Historians freely give to the wage-earners of America a very considerable share of the credit for establishing a free public-school system. Workingmen wanted educational opportunities for their children without invidious distinctions as to ability to pay.

Free and universal opportunities for education are indispensable to an enlightened citizenry. Labor has not been content with creation of a public-school system, but maintains a continuing responsibility to do its full share to see to it that public schools do not fall behind progressive thought upon educational matters. The Federation has a permanent Committee on Education charged with the responsibility of putting into effect Labor's educational program as well as the study of new educational problems. This committee is developing cooperating committees throughout the United States. In addition to our efforts to provide educational opportunities for the young, we are undertaking to develop opportunities for adult education. This work is done through our Workers' Education Bureau. Local workers' groups organize local workers' education enterprises. Some of these are called labor colleges, others labor seminars, others labor forums, and still others are conducted in connection with union meetings. Labor feels that continuous education is an essential to continuous growth.

Some of our nationals and internationals have special provisions for trade-training, for example, the correspondence department of the printers and the school of the printing pressmen. A number of organizations, particularly the construction trades have joint agreements with employers and school authorities for the training of apprentices.

Important in our workers' education work are provisions for trade-unionists to study the problems of their unions and industries. Recently three institutes have been planned for union officials and union men in the railroad, power, and textile industries.

This account of labor's activities in these three fields discloses some of the constructive possibilities of union organization. Labor concentrates its energies upon militant tactics and policies only so long as management makes this necessary. Both labor and management have more to gain from cooperation than from sparring for temporary advantages, the one over the other.

In his recent address before the United States Chamber of Commerce, Secretary Hoover notes the growth in the last few years of a "higher sense of cooperation." This is noticeable, he says, in all parts of the country. It is resulting in more harmonious and efficient business practice, higher ethical standards, and a better adjustment of parts in the economic machine.

This spirit is demonstrated also in the increasing number of cooperative agreements between managements of industrial firms and labor-unions. Both management and labor are inclining toward the opinion that the interests of industry, and consequently their own interests, can best be forwarded by their cooperation.

COOPERATION between labor and management in any industry is based on recognition of the labor-union. This means that management and labor are recognized as two separate parts in the industrial machine, each having a different function, and different rights and responsibilities. The function of management is to direct and administer the industry, that of labor to carry out the processes of production. Management should be responsible for maintaining the highest degree of efficiency in administration; labor for executing its tasks with the greatest possible skill and craftsmanship. Labor recognizes the right of management to control the industry, and to compensation, therefore, it recognizes the right of capital to receive a fair profit on investments; management should recognize the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively for its conditions of employment, through representatives of its own choosing. This recognition is the starting point of cooperation.

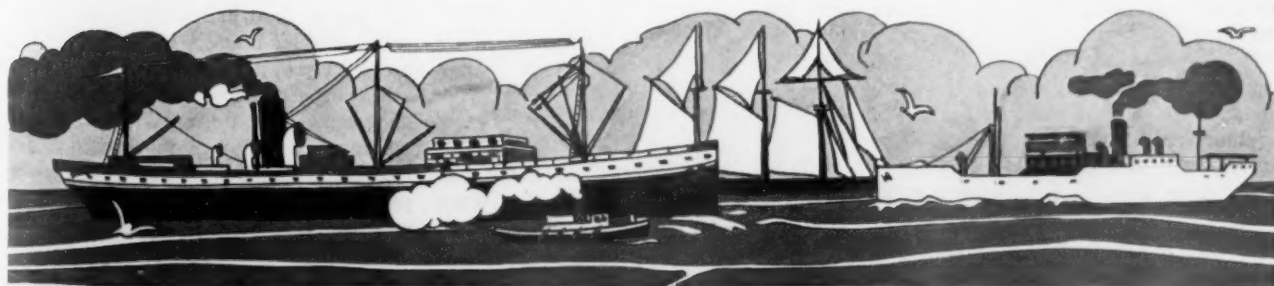
The man at the bench, because of his intimate knowledge of job details, has information and data outside the experience of management. His interest in his work increases as he contributes the creative powers of his own mind, and he feels that he is no longer an automaton, but an intelligent human being contributing to the betterment of his industry. He is happy in his work

and his ability soon reaches its highest pitch.

It might be well to note here the mistake which some employers make of substituting the so-called "company-union" for the bona-fide labor-union in their plants. The company-union is an organization of the employees in one shop or factory, created and dominated by management. It gives none of the independence of thought and action of a real labor-union, nor the advantages of contacts with other workers in the same craft employed in other shops. Under this type of organization the workers cannot bargain on an equality with management or take the responsibility of their own share in production. Without independence of action they cannot make any original contribution to the industry; without proof that management has confidence in them they cannot have full confidence in management; without responsibility they cannot give their best service and their fullest loyalty to the industry. No relation of management to a company-union can be termed "cooperation" with labor. Cooperation pre-supposes equality of status.

This creative power which lies dormant in every man is one of the greatest forces to promote industrial excellence. And the chance for creative expression, the striving for excellence in his work brings the greatest possible happiness and self-development to every workman. The fullest possible creative expression for every individual should surely be the goal of all industry. It can only be attained by union-management cooperation. This new field in industrial relations has hardly been explored, but it promises great possibilities. But however much unions may desire cooperation, they cannot initiate it. It is for management to offer the friendly hand.

Trade-unions are a national asset for they promote progressively higher industrial standards, increase the contributions which workers can make to industry, promote industrial stability, and help the masses to become better citizens with higher capacities for living.



The Impromptu Speech

By Cecelia Galloway

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

EDWARD SMITH laid down his crumpled napkin, and pushed back his chair. He had enjoyed his breakfast more than usual that morning. The eggs had been just right; the bacon done to a crisp; the toast thin and brown, just the way he liked it; the coffee was nectar and ambrosia; and the strawberries—Say! Right out of his own garden! He was in an unusually expansive and mellow mood. He beamed at his wife across the table, and thought to himself that she was the best cook in the world.

"How are you feeling this morning, Belle?" he asked her solicitously. "Seems to me you're looking a little peaked lately. What's the matter? Working too hard?"

"Oh, Eddie, I don't know what's the matter with me. I guess I need a change. I wish we could go to Ostend to the Convention. Can't we manage it somehow, Eddie?"

"Honestly, Belle, I don't see how we can. These trips cost money, you know. You'd have to have a lot of new clothes, and somehow money just slips through one's fingers at a place like that. Guess we'll have to cut it out this year. Besides, we went to Denver last summer, you know," he reminded her.

"Yes, I know," sighed Belle resignedly. "But somehow I just had my mind set on going to Ostend. But never mind, Eddie. If we can't, we can't, that's all!"

Eddie got up from the table.

"Well, I've got to hurry along," he said, as he kissed the wife. "Take good care of yourself, and don't work too hard."

He lingered as he went down the front walk to pick a rose for his buttonhole. On second thought he picked another for the slender vase that stood on his desk at the office.

He chose them both with very great care.

It was a wonderful morning. The birds were singing, the roses were

blooming, and the air was snappy and invigorating. He drew a long deep breath. Gee, it was great to live in a town like this! Such climate! Such air! Such roses! Such—well, everything! God's own country, that's what it was!

He made up his mind to walk to the office, it would do him good. He didn't get half enough exercise. He held his head high as he stepped briskly along. He felt unusually buoyant and happy, and at peace with himself and the world.

He called cheery greetings to his neighbors and friends as he went by. "Wonderful morning, isn't it?" he said to them.

He smiled at the elevator girl as she took him up to his

office, and on the impulse of the moment he presented her with the rose that he carried in his hand. He felt as generous as a Boy Scout performing his one good deed a day. Nothing like starting the day right, he thought to himself.

He beamed as he passed through the outer office, and said a cheerful "Good-Morning" to his employees. Then he went into the inner office, and shut the door, and hung up his hat.

He was busily engaged with his mail a little later when a young man opened the door and came softly in.

"Well, well, Harry!" said Edward heartily. "Back from your vacation already? Glad to see you! Have a good time? Where did you go?"

"Yes, I had a great time, thank you!" said Harry. "I was visiting my brother in Seattle. And say, Mr. Smith, what do you think? He took me to the Rotary Club luncheon with him the other day. I thought you'd be interested to know."

"That's fine, Harry!" said his employer. "Hope you enjoyed it. Want you to go with me next week."

"Oh, that will be fine, Mr. Smith," said Harry. Then hesitating, "Er—Mr.

Smith!" he went on, a little diffidently. "I was thinking, now that I'm back from my vacation, and starting a new year, and everything, that perhaps you could see your way clear to—er—to give me a little raise in my salary. It's awfully hard to make ends meet, these days, living's so awfully high. Of course my wife does the best she can, but the kid's growing up, and he needs things—"

Mr. Smith leaned back in his chair. He cleared his throat.

"Yes, I know, Harry," he said. "Nobody knows that better than I do, and I assure you it would make me very happy to raise your salary if I could see my way clear to do so. But I can't do it right now, Harry, and that's the honest truth. Perhaps some time later—"

"Yes, sir," gulped Harry, smiling a little weakly as he turned slowly away. He was wondering what he could say to his wife when she asked him about it that night. Well, they would just have to get along some way. He closed the door softly behind him, and went slowly over to his desk, and settled down to work.

Bye and bye Mr. Smith's telephone rang.

"Yes?" he said briskly. "Oh, hello, Billie! How's everything with you? Wonderful morning, isn't it? . . . What's that? . . . Aw, come now, Billie! Why pick on me? You know I can't make a speech, not on such short notice, anyway—and say, what's the big idea of waiting till the last minute to tell me about it? I'm no impromptu speaker, you know. . . . Oh, well, if poor old John is sick and can't come, of course I'm willing to do the best I can, but I warn you it'll be nothing to write home about. . . . Yes, I'll do the best I can, Billie. I'll manage somehow. . . . Good-bye! See you later!"

HE hung up the receiver, and stared out of the window. Well, for Pete's sake, he'd let himself in for something now! Here poor old John was sick, and they had wished the job on to him of getting up at the last minute and making an impromptu speech. By George, if there was one thing he especially hated to do, it was to make a speech. What in the world should he talk about? He only had one speech, and he had said that one over a dozen



Belle Smith

things already. He'd said it backwards, and forwards, and upside down, and inside out, and made it over as many times as an old woman makes over a dress.

Then he had an idea. He rang his buzzer.

"Ask Harry to step in a minute," he told the freckled-faced office boy.

"Say, Harry!" he said. "Can you write a speech?"

"Why—er—I guess I can, Mr. Smith—Yes, I'm sure I can! What do you want me to write about?"

"Darned if I know," admitted his employer. "Write something about the Sixth Object of Rotary. That's always appropriate."

"What is the Sixth Object of Rotary?" asked Harry, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, something about Fellowship, and the Golden Rule, and Hands Across the Sea, and All Around the World, and that sort of thing." He was a little hazy about it himself. "And say, Harry," he went on. "You'll have to hurry, because I've got to give it at luncheon today."

"Gosh! That only gives me about two hours, doesn't it?" said Harry. "How long a speech does it have to be?"

"Oh, twenty or thirty minutes, I guess."

"All right," grinned Harry, hurrying to the door. "Don't worry, Mr. Smith. I'll write something. You can count on me."

Edward Smith leaned comfortably back in his chair, and smiled complacently to himself. Really a useful fellow that, after all. A handy fellow to have around in an emergency.

Harry went busily to work. It was just eleven o'clock when he brought in his completed effort, neatly and legibly typed, and placed it in Mr. Smith's hands.

Mr. Smith put on his glasses, and read it over.

"Great Gosh, Harry!" he exclaimed when he had finished. "That's a wonderful speech! It's a classic! Why, man, I didn't know you had it in you to write a speech like that. Where you been hiding yourself all this time? Put on your hat and come along to luncheon with me as my guest, and sit in and listen to your own speech."

So Harry put on his hat, and went along.

It was a very good luncheon, Harry thought. They were pretty noisy, but full of pep.

"And now," said Chairman Billie at last, "I have to announce that John, who was on the program for a talk today, has been detained at home by illness, and our good friend Eddie Smith

has kindly consented to take his place. You can always count on Eddie. Stand up, Eddie, and let us see your smiling face! Give him a hand, boys!"

Eddie stood up. The fellows gave him a rousing hand.

He took out his speech, and wiped his glasses, and beamed around upon the assembled faces. He cleared his throat.

"Of course you all know, fellows—he began, a little nervously. "Of course I don't need to tell you that I'm no impromptu speaker. But I'm always willing to do my duty, and do what I can for Rotary in an emergency like this. And I know you'll make allowances for my feeble efforts when I tell you that I didn't know I was going to make a speech until a little while ago."

He cleared his throat again, and settled down to business.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," he began in his best platform manner—But suddenly his voice trailed off into silence, as his attention was attracted to the back of the room, where someone was making a tardy entrance. He glared over the top of his glasses at the offender. Didn't he know any better than to come in late, and disturb the speaker?

Then a smug smile lit up his countenance.

WELL, for the love of Pete! Look who's here, fellows!" he exclaimed joyously. "Look who's coming in the door! If it isn't our great and good old friend, Charlie Brown, from the Only City on Earth!"

There was great excitement in greeting the Eminent Rotarian from the Only City on Earth, and much hand-shaking all around.

"So that let's me out for today," said Eddie happily. "We'll have the pleas-

ure of listening to the Silver-Tongued Orator of Rotary instead. Welcome to our city, Charlie! Stand up and let the fellows all see you!"

The Eminent Rotarian stood up.

"Speech! Speech!" they yelled.

But the Eminent Rotarian held up his hand for silence.

"No, boys, I'm sorry!" he said in a hoarse and husky voice. "I can't make you a speech today. I just thought I'd drop in, so as to get my attendance in for the week. But I caught a terrible cold coming down from Seattle on the train last night, and I'm not able to talk. I'm all tired out, too, boys. Just let me sit here quietly and listen to Eddie. I know he'll have a message for us that will be worth hearing."

"Speech, Eddie!" they called. "Speech!"

So Eddie got up, a little flustered. He cleared his throat again.

"We-e-ell, if you insist," he began modestly. "I was just saying when you came in, Charlie, that I'm no impromptu speaker; and besides, I only had an hour or two in which to prepare my speech. But unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, there is one thing I want to talk about for a few

(Continued on page 51)



"He doesn't know a thing about it, and he really thinks I wrote it myself. . . . I thought I had better see you first."

One of the World's Unique Institutions

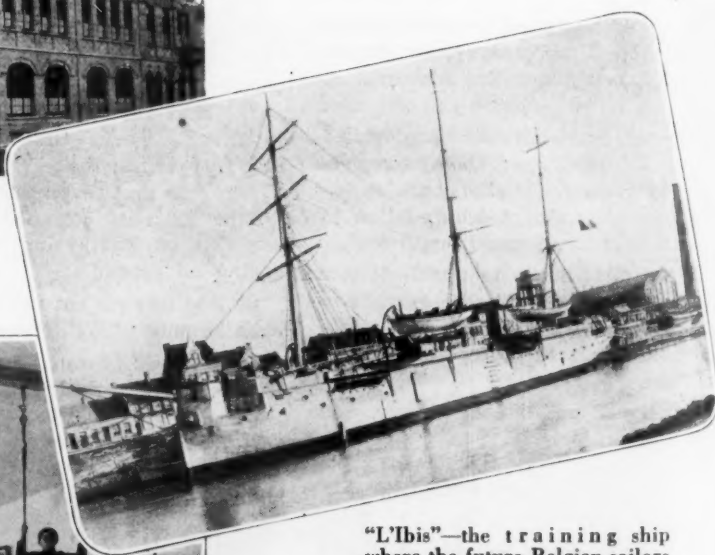
A Training School at Sas-Slykens, near Ostend, for Orphans

THE royal training-school for sea-faring lads and for orphans of fishermen is one of the world's unique institutions. It is just outside Ostend, at Sas-Slykens, and among other things, impresses the visitor with the strict discipline maintained, its systematic arrangement, and absence of any suggestion of charity. During the Convention special provision has been made for Rotarians to visit this remarkable institution. It is a school that attracts yearly many visitors who are interested in the peculiar kind of youth training that is being accompanied.

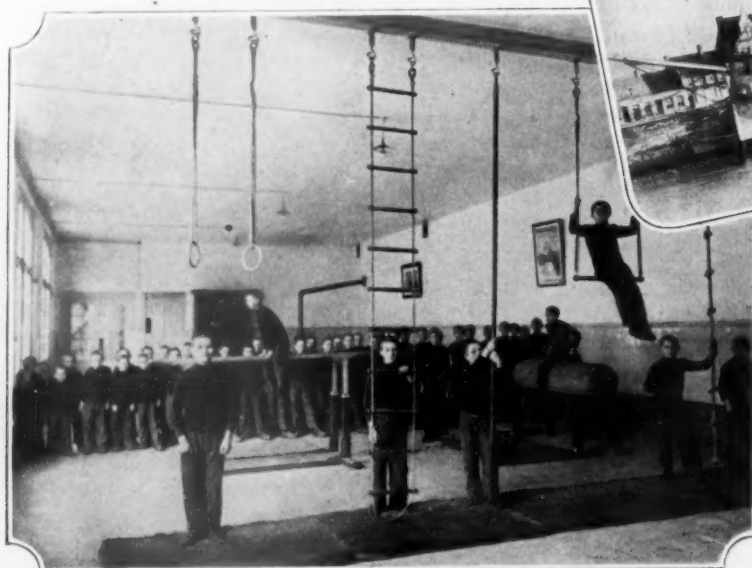
Ranging in age from eight to fifteen, the boys live at the school and are taught the elementary three R's and in addition the art of navigation, handling the compass, making charts, and the manual arts of repairing ships, mending and making nets, carpentry, blacksmithing, and gas



This training school for orphans, founded in 1906 by H. R. H. Prince Albert, now King of the Belgians, has enlarged its scope to include training for all sea-faring lads.



"L'Ibis"—the training ship where the future Belgian sailors supplement their education with actual training aboard ship. Among the Rotarians who are patrons of this great work are: H. M. King Albert, Edouard de Cuyper, John Bauwens, Albert Bouchery, president of the Rotary Club of Ostend, W. Courtens, and Robert Bouchery.



Under the guidance of competent instructors, each lad receives vigorous and exacting physical training.

and steam engine operation and repairing. A round of one of the classes revealed a fourteen-year-old lad, with a copy of Robinson Crusoe in English propped up before him, and he was sending the story, paragraph by paragraph, to another lad in the other end of the ship. An interesting boy's story and learning by choice thus go hand in hand. Some of the children speak Flemish, others French; but each also learns an additional language. Over in another corner of the cabin, two boys of fifteen and a lad of nine were taking directly the Paris Bourse quotations as they came off the ticker.

After several years' training the boys are taken into the fleet. They are physically able, alert, and capable of using their talents to great advantage in that great industry for which Belgium is famous.



The daily radio lesson where the lads are taught one language in addition to their own tongue. Messages are transmitted between classes at each end of the training ship.



At left—The daily lesson in all the details that make for a successful trawling adventure.

At right—One corner of the bathroom during the early morning ablutions. Contrary to the usual boyish procedure, these lads perform in double-quick time—for overstepping the short period allotted to the ordeal means a penalty.



Trade and Professional Associations

By C. D. Garretson

Chairman of the Business Methods Committee
of Rotary International

WE now come to the last of our Business Methods programs, "Trade and Professional Associations," which is really a continuation of our discussion of the Competitor Relationship.

The thought is that now that we have been thinking about the relations between employer and employee, between buyer and sellers, and between competitors, we have gradually crystalized our opinions as to the desirable, fair methods which we would like to pursue in our business, and thus turn to our trade association as a vehicle through which to impart our desires to others who are facing the same problems we are, and who have the same desire as we have to help eradicate the unfair method. There is no question but that all those in our trade or professional association help to create the problems we face; but they also speak the same language, and meet the same conditions of trade as we do.

By meeting our fellow-members of a trade or professional association, we develop friendship, the same as we do in Rotary, and there is no question but that this friendship develops understanding, and causes men to work in harmony, and creates a desire to help each other, the same as it does in Rotary.

With these two forces put to work, good must be the output, and an intelligent competition is created. Intelligent competition helps all in a craft or profession, because it eliminates many of the wasteful practices of competition, and dignifies the craft or profession in the eyes of the public,—dignifies that craft or profession if, for no other reason, than that it cannot be kicked around like the hound dog.

Therefore, it must follow that active membership in one's trade or professional association is, while it may be considered an expense of time, effort and money, an expense which brings handsome returns. It may also be considered as insurance, with the added advantage that we do not have to die, or have a fire, in order to get a return.

There are many men in business, however, who are not members of their trade association. Others are members and pay their dues, but contribute nothing else. These two classes put little or nothing in and get little or nothing out. But when asked why they are not active in their association they invariably criticize those who are "running the association," or tell you that the association is "not doing anything."

Then there is the other class, those who contribute money, time, and effort to their trade association and its work. They get much out, but because they must carry not only their own load, but the load of the first two classes as well, they do not make the progress to which their efforts entitle them. Some even get discouraged at times, in trying to help those who seem not to want to be helped. Yet when these loyal members of a trade association, by herculean efforts, do "put over" something which is of benefit to their trade, those who have had nothing to do with it, do not hesitate to appropriate that benefit, whatever it may be, to their own use. Those who take without giving, as in this incident, are accepting charity just as certainly as if they were standing on a street corner with a tin cup in their outstretched hand. How do you feel toward a beggar? You may pity him but you despise him. But how do you feel toward the beggar who is able to work, and can get a job, but who prefers to accept charity?

Are you an active member of your trade or professional association?

Think this through.

By active participation in our trade or professional association we can make our contribution to our craft or profession to help put it on a higher plane both for ourselves while we are here, and leave it higher and nobler for those who follow after us. We can build our individual business partly by ourself, but we can build it so much faster, and at the same time so much more permanently, when we work with all those others in our same craft or profession. The best vehicle for working with those in your same vocation, is your trade or professional association.

"WHEN we build,
let us think we build forever.
Let it not be for present delight
nor present use alone.
Let it be such work
as our descendants will thank us for,
and let us think, as we lay our stone,

that a time will come when those
stones will be held sacred because
our hands have touched them,
and that men will say as they look
upon the labor
and wrought substance of them
'SEE! This our Fathers did for us.'

—John Ruskin.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

Sir John M. Gibson, K. C. M. G.— some highlights of a long career

By M. Benson Walker

"PEOPLE are too busy to be happy—"

Major-General Sir John Morison Gibson, K. C. M. G., sat back in his office chair and looked long and closely at the interviewer before adding:

"—or seem to be."

Outside Sir John's legal offices the bustle and hustle of a city struggling with the problem of earning its daily livelihood rose as through a deadening wall. In the office itself all was very quiet, a great old-fashioned wall clock breaking the silence with a vividness that hypnotized the ear. Until Sir John spoke again.

Then the clock was forgotten.

"Too busy!"

A strange phrase to come from Ontario's Grand Old Man with eighty-five of the busiest years conceivable in the life of a man stretching out like shining milestones behind him on the Walk of Life.

Then came the explanation. "Being busy" is not necessarily synonymous with "working." The former may be only a time-filling occupation without the progress of the latter.

"In many respects the world is a better place to live in today than it was half a century ago," declared Sir John. "And in others it is not. It is healthier without a doubt. That is self-evident. But I do not think it is happier, or even as happy, as half a hundred years ago. There does not seem to be the same capacity for happiness in the individual as in a former age. Of course, I am growing older and my memory is perhaps somewhat at fault," he added with delightful frankness, "nevertheless true happiness, I believe is rarer today."

Sir John M. Gibson's remarkable life is almost the life of the northern half of this great American continent. Starting eighty-five years ago it had reached maturity before the marriage of the two Canadas, Upper and Lower, better known as the Confederation.

As the man grew, so grew the Dominion, and in that Dominion's growth, and more especially the growth of the largest province therein, this young man played a very large part indeed.

Let me paint with an all too faulty brush a few pictures from the gallery of his career, leaving the imagination of the reader to visualise the man and

the Rotarian which those eighty-five years have produced.

Sir John's early career might well be entitled: "From log school-house to legal prominence."

Born in the bush of Haldimand county, the youngest of four brothers, it was decided that John at least should receive the best that education could offer. And so the youngster was packed off to Hamilton and to its one and only local public school.

His career may be said to have started.

Four years later he took his Bachelor of Arts degree there, winning the Prince of Wales prize, the highest honor obtainable. He also won the silver medal in classics and modern languages and the highest prize in Oriental languages.

He was considered an academic genius. Then as if to puzzle the wisesacres who attributed to him perhaps a rather too scholastic temperament, the young man sallied forth and joined the Queens Own Rifles of Toronto as a private. But that is another story, the story of how a private rose to be a major-general.

IN 1867 he was called to the bar as a lawyer in Toronto and two years later to show, as it were, that he had not "shot his bolt" in the university he walked off with the gold medal awarded for greatest all-round excellence among the graduated lawyers.

Then came the Fenians and at Ridgeway the young lawyer might have been glimpsed whole heartedly doing his bit at the job of work in hand.

In the early 70's the demobbed lawyer settled in Hamilton and commenced the practice of law.

He was a marked man to start with. Political life soon claimed him and in 1879 he was first returned to the Ontario Provincial Legislature. He was



In setting down any record of the achievements of Major-General Sir John Morison Gibson, K. C. M. G., over a period of service of more than three-score years, one would have a list resembling a Rotary Classifications roster. Suffice it to say his work has included activities running the range of farm boy, lawyer, soldier, attorney-general and lieutenant governor, director of banks, insurance companies, and public utilities, and champion rifle shot.

re-elected in 1883 and 1886, becoming leader of the Liberal party in the province. In 1889 he suffered his first defeat at the polls but was returned again in 1891 and 1894. Advocate of temperance with a big "T" Sir John was instrumental in effecting extensive legislation along this line. Local option was one of his political children in the Province of Ontario.

The old-time tangle of insurance laws was unravelled by the young politician who was instrumental in introducing compulsory registration of all insurance companies and friendly benevolent societies.

It was due to this man's bigness of heart that the "Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" was placed on the statute books in 1892. This act has since been used as the basis of childrens' care reform throughout the Dominion.

Wherever army rifle shots congregate throughout the length and breadth of Canada the name of Sir John will sooner or later be heard. Commencing as a private in the Queens Own Rifles of Toronto the young man later transferred to the 13th Royal Regiment in

Hamilton. He was still a private. He won his commissions through merit and ability. Through each and every rank of this regiment he pushed his way, retiring from its highest command in 1895 when he was appointed honorary lieutenant-colonel. In 1905 he was appointed brigadier-general in command of the 15th brigade.

Three years later, in 1908, he received the highest public honor in the gift of the province of Ontario when he became lieutenant-governor and representative of His Majesty the King to more than a million of his fellow-Canadians.

Five years from the time of his appointment he relinquished the high post and proceeded to England. Here he was made much of, and on his return was informed by the governor-general that "John Gibson, Esq.," was now become "Sir John, a noble knight of His Majesty's Britannic Empire." His was one of the last titles bestowed by an English sovereign on a Canadian.

He represented his country abroad even as he represented his king at home. In 1897 he attended as a Canadian representative the garden party of Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. By invitation he attended the coronation later at Westminster Abbey of her popular son, the late King Edward.

Sir John's story as to how he became

a rifle-shot would please the most enthusiastic optometrist. Sir John's vision was not good. In fact fifty feet in front of him objects took on a strange and grotesque appearance.

One day while standing at his office window as a young law practitioner he noticed that a friend had left his spectacles on his office window-sill. In those days dentists and spectacle-makers were folk one hastened to when crazy with tooth-ache or on the verge of blindness. Sir John laughingly put the glasses on his nose and then the laugh changed to a smile of great joy. He could see the numbers on the doorways across the street. So he bought him some glasses and was later to command that famous rifle team which defeated the British team for the Rajah of Kolopore's cup in 1881. In 1876 and in 1880 he was a member of the Canadian teams at Creedmoor—the predecessor of Bisley of present-day shooting fame. It is interesting to note that Sir John's son, Major C. W. G. Gibson, one of the most beribboned of Canada's soldiers in the world war, has also represented his country—and his father—at these internationally famous shooting competitions.

Thrice wed, the last time he married, in 1881, Caroline, daughter of the late Hon. Adam Hope, of Hamilton. Lady Gibson is still alive and able to enjoy the glorious sunset of her knight's full life. In the Great War one son, Frank,

was claimed, one of the finest boys who ever bore the name of "Canadian."

Basic to these brief jots or highlights of a busy Rotarian's career all through the years there looms the background of a strenuous "business" success. Sir John played an important part in the development of Ontario's electrical industry and was a former president of the Hamilton Power and Light Company and of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company. He has also occupied the presidency of the National Steel Car Company of Canada; was president of the Royal Connaught hotel, Hamilton, and a director on, among other well-known boards, those of the Canadian Westinghouse, Canadian Bank of Commerce and Canada Life Assurance Company. With other projects of a business and benevolent nature too many to enumerate he was—and in many cases still is—associated.

Farmer's boy, outstanding student, gold medallist, brilliant lawyer, fighting patriot, national representative at court and on the ranges, sportsman, Grand Master of Masons, attorney-general, lieutenant-governor, major-general of militia, director of gigantic business and finance concerns!

Truly a remarkable career!

The men who are really busiest usually have time for other things. Now turn to his introductory remark: "People are too busy nowadays to be happy!" There are different definitions of the word "busy."

To My Son

By A. G. M. CAMPBELL

*I HAVE no wealth to leave you, and no fame.
This must be your inheritance: my name.*

*It has not been my fate, in life's sharp
struggles,*

*To win the honors other men have won.
Mine has not been a life of great achievements;
I have not done the deeds some men have done.
But I have kept unsullied and untarnished
That thing—a name—entrusted to my care;
I have not let dishonor dim its luster,
Nor have I let shame leave its black mark there.
I have not let my name be classed with malice,
Nor fear, nor moral cowardice, nor greed,
Nor bigoted intolerance toward others,
Nor lack of charity for those in need.
But I have made, instead, my name synonymous,
In all men's minds, with things the most worth-
while:*

*With strength to do the right, though none
might see me;*

*With grit to meet disaster with a smile;
With loyalty to those with claims upon me;
With justice equally toward foe and friend;
With honor, truth, integrity, square-dealing,—
"My word my bond."*

*Now, as I reach the end,
Too well I know that I have failed in efforts
Where I have wanted greatly to succeed;
Too oft I've seen my dreams, bright in the
forming,
Prove naught but vain imaginings, indeed.
But this I do believe: when I have traveled
Life's twisting road, and worked out Life's
great plan,—
When I have gone beyond Life's praise or blam-
ing,—
It will be said of me, "He was a man."*

*And so, because of this, I feel no shame
When I bequeath to you, my son, my name.*



Radical Notes on Attendance

By DANA H. JONES

Editor, "The Rodeo," Los Angeles, California

NOW that everybody has tossed off a few anxious remarks about attendance, another solution poured into the pot will do no harm, and might achieve that goal so strenuously yearned for. But before disclosing this panacea a few generalities will not be out of place.

If the Portland Club has made a better attendance average than Los Angeles, then Portland has done us a real kindness. Feverish, high-pressure attendance methods have made everybody realize that attendance is important—yes, but certainly not the objective of Rotary. The practice of compelling a busy man to spend half a day running out to some other club in order to raise his club's average one-fiftieth of one per cent is just as sound as hiring professional mourners. It's a job for cheap men, just like the fellows who broke in Mark Twain's corn-cob pipes for him at a dollar apiece.

Certainly Rotary does not ask a man to give up his business to perform for his club. You must attend a reasonable and definite amount or get out. Most of us find it possible to keep an average near one hundred per cent and will continue to because we find it worth while, but attendance contests and efforts to beat some other club seem about as valuable as building a full-rigged ship inside a glass bottle.

Perhaps this is heresy, so by way of apology I offer a solution, especially for those who feel that high club average is essential. Personally I cannot see what is essential about it, for you can drive a man to Rotary, but you cannot make him practice the things he hears preached.

However, here's the solution. Abolish the Attendance Committee; in its place create a hard-boiled, secret Bouncing Committee. The operation of this scheme is simplicity itself. Let the sales-managers in the club get together and set a goal—a quota I believe they call it. Say they set a goal of ninety-five per cent average for the

"TALKING IT OVER" in committee meetings and in board meetings usually solves your club problems and establishes correct policies. Under this heading of "Talking It Over" will be discussed each month problems and questions of concern to local club committees and officers. Contributions for this department will be welcomed—The Editors.

club. All the Bouncing Committee has to do is notify those who have dropped below ninety per cent, for example, that they are no longer members, and enclose check for unexpired portion of current dues.

By the necessary turnover in membership that this plan will stimulate it should soon be possible to find three hundred and ten leisurely men who would never fail to be present. A slight change in meeting place might result, such as moving from the west side of Olive Street to the east side, where benches are free and you can bring your lunch in a sack.

Proposed Changes in Attendance Rules

By ED R. KELSEY

Editor, "The Rotary Spoke," Toledo, Ohio.

Some time ago our attendance committee suggested to the directors certain changes in the International rules as to attendance. No one can do anything about it but an International convention and it can't get before such a body except on resolution by a district conference.

Our board of directors therefore asked Frank Mulholland to get up a resolution and submit to the board. This has been done and the attendance committee and the board are pondering over it prior to trying to get it through our district conference that meets here in April.

In the first place it would amend the Constitution and not make it the duty of the district governor to make up the mass of attendance reports he now has to, necessitating heavy expense and a large share of his time on such work. It also changes by amendment to the

Constitution, the present rule as to membership being automatically terminated when a member misses four consecutive meetings without excuse by making it entirely optional with the directors. It could only be terminated by directors if the member has been given ten days notice in advance of the meeting so that if he wishes he can appear before the board.

The reasons for these proposed changes are best given in the language of the resolution itself:

"The prominence given to 'attendance contests,' 'tabulations,' and 'records of attendance' has developed a hysteria for record making in certain individual members and clubs wherein the social value of a Rotarian seems to be measured solely by his attendance record without regard to his service to his family, his business, his community, and to society as a whole.

"The expense incident to the clerical work, stock, printing, postage, telegrams, and the time required of the district governors and other International officers incident to the widespread publicity given to attendance contests and records in the present scheme of promoting and supervising attendance contests and the tabulating and recording thereof in Rotary International challenges the attention of all clear-thinking men.

"Rotary International has developed to a point where such an elementary matter as attendance might well be left in the hands of the individual clubs, thereby allowing those charged with the administration of Rotary International to devote their time and energies to more important matters."

And after declaring void past resolutions of International Rotary Conventions, our resolution says:

"Be It Resolved that the district governors are not expected or required to furnish the several clubs of their respective districts nor the Secretary of Rotary International with tabulated monthly reports of the attendance records of the Rotary clubs within their respective districts, and

"Be It Further Resolved that the officers of Rotary International be and hereby are charged with promoting the idea that 'attendance is a means to an end, and not the end itself,' that attendance for the sole purpose of making a record is repugnant to the Rotary ideal of friendship and fellowship and service; that a Rotarian is obligated to attend the meeting of his Rotary club, but that attendance is not his first duty whenever his obligations to his family, his profession, his business, and his proper service to society require his presence elsewhere; that the widespread publication of attendance records and statistics has caused Rotary to be misjudged by the public and to appear as a club of simple-minded men engaged in a childish contest for attendance credits; that Rotarians are largely substantial business and professional men, deeply interested in Rotary and its ideals, but unwilling that their contribution in service to society shall be measured by their ability to 'punch the time clock' at the luncheon hour; that the Rotarian doctor who is called to a sick bed, the Rotary clergyman who is comforting those bereaved, the Rotarian business man who is planning enlarged opportunities for profitable employment to those who look to him for employment, are engaged in real Rotary service, and their respective Rotary clubs shall not be penalized or held up to ridicule through the broadcasting of the attendance statistics, attendance contest reports, and attendance records of Rotary clubs or classes of Rotary clubs, wherein the reasons of such absences are not set forth, and that hereafter the matter of attendance records and statistics shall be left to the duly

elected officers of the several Rotary clubs charged with the responsibility of administering the provisions of the Constitution relating thereto."

That this will precipitate a great debate is certain for all over Rotary the Stand Patters insist that attendance rules cannot be changed without permanent damage to the structure of Rotary.

On the other hand there are many who think Rotary is being made ridiculous by this strife for a mere attendance record and that many of the best men in Rotary have been dropped because they refused to "punch a clock."

Whichever way it goes, open and frank discussion cannot help but be most interesting.

"From an Anonymous Rotarian"

By CARL H. CLAUDY

"I NEVER was so angry in my life!" declared the Red Headed Rotarian. "It's the first one of those cowardly things I ever received!"

"I didn't get that," remarked the Stout Doctor, coming in late and seating himself at the only empty place at the little round table. "What was it that peeved you?"

"Anonymous letter! Some smart aleck wrote me a page of typewriting, telling me how I ought to run my business!"

"Why, that was . . ."

"I got one of those, too, but I didn't . . ."

"Have you got the letter with you? I'd like to . . ."

"Wait a minute!" The Stout Doctor had a large, boomy fog-horn voice, and his interruption of the chorus was decisive. "You missed the last luncheon, didn't you?" He spoke to the Red Headed Rotarian.

"Yes, out of town. Why?"

"Dangerous to miss meetings of Rotary!" answered the Doctor. "But I bet I can change your point of view about that letter."

"Yes?"

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes. I started to destroy it, but didn't."

"Care to read it to us?"

"Sure! Here it is. . . ." The Red Headed Rotarian drew a folded sheet from his pocket. "It's addressed to me personally. The fellow who is scared to come right out with his name and tell me honestly what his complaint is writes like this:

"Your store is too dark from the street. It's comfortably lit inside, but on a rainy day there is nothing outside to invite the attention of the passers-by. Yet a dark and rainy day is the best of all days to drive a person off the streets into a place that looks cheerful. Most

men, like the writer, usually buy over-shoes and umbrellas on disagreeable days, when they are suddenly brought face to face with the need.

"Your desk is too far back at the rear of the store. You leave all the greeting of customers to clerks. I don't suggest that you get down on a stool and fit shoes, but I do think that as a merchant you are too inaccessibly placed in your store to meet and greet your customers. It puts an atmosphere of impersonality over your place of business which cannot be but hurtful.

"I was immediately waited upon. But there were three idle clerks, while one struggled with a tall pile of shoe boxes, putting them away. This may have been because it was his responsibility, but the impression made on the customer was that the stock, when disarranged by many quick sales, was not immediately put back into shape, but allowed to drift until someone got ready to do it.

"I had to wait four minutes for my change after my package was wrapped. You must decide whether your system is wrong, or your cashier's office undermanned. I but report the fact.

"I commend the clerk who waited on me; a young and light-haired chap with eye glasses. He knew his business, and was most interested although my purchase was very modest."

"That's all," concluded the Red Headed member.

"I can't say I see anything about that to be peeved about," the Doctor commented. "Rather a constructive letter, isn't it?"

"But it isn't signed! This fellow hadn't the courage of his convictions! He's a coward."

"No, he isn't." The Doctor made the statement positive.

"How do you know?"

"I know who wrote it. I know why he wrote it."

The Red Headed Rotarian looked at his luncheon mate in amazement. "How can you know that?" he inquired. "Did you write it?"

The Doctor laughed. "No." He chuckled. "Not that one. But I wrote two at the same time. You see, Reddy, you missed the last meeting. A visiting Rotarian told us of a scheme his club had been trying out, and a lot of us found it very interesting. This is the idea. A Rotarian pays a surprise visit to the other fellow's store, bank, office, place of business, or what-have-you. He looks around, and up and down. He gets impressions of what kind of a place it is. Then he thinks to himself what he would do, if he owned it. He tries to find fault . . . not with the idea of making a complaint, but to look at it from the standpoint of a casual customer, to see if he is pleased or the reverse. Then he goes

home and puts it all down on paper and sends it to his brother Rotarian with the idea that the recipient may have the chance to see himself as he has been seen. You remember Bobby Burns . . . would have made a bully Rotarian if Rotary had been invented then! Burns said—

*Oh, wad the power some giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!*

"Well, that's the stunt. The letters don't have to be anonymous, but they are better if they are."

"I don't quite get that," interrupted a Rotarian from the other side of the table. "Why are they better unsigned?"

"Did you get a letter about your bank?" countered the Doctor.

"I did . . . darn good letter, too!"

"Well, suppose you knew I had written it. You know I'm a doctor. You'd immediately discount everything that letter said by about fifty per cent, because, as you very well know, what I don't know about finance and business, from your standpoint, would fill several of your biggest ledgers. Isn't that so?"

"So it was you who wrote it! Well, that explains . . ."

"I DID not write you a letter. I picked men to visit whom I thought I might benefit!" interrupted the Doctor. "But whoever wrote it, made a more powerful impression anonymously than if he signed his name. That's the one and only reason for keeping such communications anonymous . . . that, and the undoubted fact that a man will speak more freely in friendly criticism if he thinks that what he says will not result in an argument. Take Reddy, here. He got mad! That was, I am sure, because he didn't understand that some Rotarian was trying to do him a service. Now that he knows that it was a well-intentioned effort to show him how his shoe store appears to at least one other Rotarian, he will probably pay more attention to the contents of the letter and less to the thought that someone was trying to make a complaint without confessing his name. But if Reddy positively knew that I wrote that letter, he'd say to himself, 'Oh, that's only old fat Doc here . . . what does he know about shoes, anyhow?' But as he doesn't know, and as there are a whole lot of Rotarians in this club in whose judgment Reddy has a great deal of confidence, he'll probably begin to analyze that letter and see if, after all, his place of business wouldn't be better for some bright lights, a desk up front, clerks who keep the stock in apple-pie order all the time, and so on. If I were Reddy I'd go back and hunt up the nice clerk and tell him someone had commended him."

(Continued on page 63)



AMONG OUR LETTERS

Corrects an Omission

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

My article on the Springfield Junior Achievement Foundation was probably inadequate in many respects, particularly so in one. I failed to mention, to say nothing of discussing adequately, the services Rotarian Harry Baldwin rendered in making the Foundation possible, and in carrying it through its crucial stages to success as chairman of the Board of Control.

The original presentation of the Junior Achievement Foundation idea was made to the Springfield Rotary Club with his hearty cooperation when Harry was its President in 1921. He made a masterly presentation of the proposal. I wish merely to complete my record here by reporting the fact of his effective services both as a Rotarian and a citizen of Springfield not only in starting the Springfield Junior Achievement Foundation but also helping it to success.

ARTHUR E. HOBBS.

New York, N. Y.

"Rotary for Rubens"

TO THE EDITOR:

And who is W. M. Boaz, of Bushnell, Illinois? I have heard many comments on Bill Rose's "Rotary for Rubens" and all commentators have felt kindly toward him for his candid expressions, his willingness to look at both sides of a situation and not let bigotry and ego blind his vision or let optimism run away with his calmer judgment. We need, in this day of boosters, to look facts squarely in the face and not always follow the pack.

Mr. Boaz has not offered one fair criticism, but expects to get away with that "holier than thou" attitude and suggest discretion to the editors. I feel that some one ought to call him for a better Rotarian spirit, and I am doing it.

D. N. WOOD,

Sunnyside (Washington) Rotary Club.

(Population 2,000 Rubes!)

Happy Thought!

EDITOR OF THE ROTARIAN:

Our January Program committee had a happy thought, and selected a good reader from our membership and had him read to the club, "Rotary for Rubens" by William P. Rose and I am very happy to inform you that the reading of the article and the discussion which followed made us a splendid program and one which I am sure made every-one feel more keenly our privilege and obligation that comes to us as Rotarians.

CHARLES E. FIERS.

Creston, Iowa.

Mental Pabulum?

TO THE EDITOR:

As an "old timer" of the Art Preservative of Art, I must compliment your printer on a mighty neat and artistic magazine. I like the style of headings and make-up very much. Yes, I get much mental pabulum from its contents.

Having been in Rotary for nearly fifteen years, I note that the clubs are getting away from the "stunt" features of their meetings to a great extent, and are getting down to practical matters, such as business ethics and the philosophy of Rotary especially as a world force.

Just what footprints Rotary will leave on the sands of time I would not hazard a guess, but there must be something good come from it and the dozens of other clubs that duplicate its principles and teachings, or else the pendulum of civilization will take a drastic swing to the opposite direction. It is a field for broad speculation and awesome wonder. It has taken many centuries for the various peoples of this old world to work up from barbarism to civilization, and then step down to oblivion, "in the twinkling of an eye." Whether we are about to see the apex of this civilization or not, I leave to the philosopher, but, whether or no, let the good work of Rotary go on, until Destiny snuffs the candle and puts out the light.

DAVE L. GUYETTE.

Muskogee, Okla.

Can Rotary Do Anything?

Editor of THE ROTARIAN:

The sixth objective of Rotary calls upon us to encourage and foster "the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world-fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service." It is this aim of Rotary that is receiving emphasis from our president, Harry H. Rogers, and is especially appropriate in view of the coming international convention at Ostend.

Those who take to heart this objective cannot fail to do some serious thinking in view of the unhappy events that seem to be hurrying the United States on toward war, or its equivalent, with Mexico. As Rotarians we are for "understanding, good-will, and international peace," and this is the time when we should make our Rotary principles effective. Our Official Directory lists eighteen clubs in Mexico with 598 members. What a splendid opportunity this gives to Rotarians to make real the sixth objective! Would it not be well if the Rotary clubs of the United States were to notify the Rotary clubs of Mexico that we desire only understanding, good-will, and peace between our two peoples? And may we not tell the President of the United States that Rotary stands for fellowship and international peace, and will not tolerate the subordination of spiritual ideals of brotherhood to lower commercial ends?

In the local club of which the writer is a member, the opinion is often expressed that we ought to *live* Rotarian principles. More than once visiting officials have told us that other means of bringing about international peace having failed, it remains for Rotary to do so by establishing a practical world-fellowship. Has all of this been said merely because it sounds beautiful and gives us something to talk about? Now seems to be our chance to back it up in a practical way.

JOHN C. GRANBERY,

Vice-President of the

Rotary Club, Lubbock, Texas.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Would It Work?

SOME years ago we had the pleasure of a visit from the Honorable Thomas Ryan, then Labor member of the Australian Parliament, who was on his way home from service in the great war. We discussed Rotary with him and also the relations between employer and employee. Mr. Ryan was of the opinion that it would be unwise to try to get labor-union men into the membership of the Rotary club. It would result in embarrassment for the men who accepted membership. Their fellow-workmen would look upon them with suspicion and ill-will because they were honored by fellowship in the club. He did believe that Rotary should encourage the formation of "Industrial Rotary Clubs," the basis of membership to be only one first-class representative of each trade—one carpenter, one steam-fitter, one press-feeder, one motorman, one baker, one structural iron worker, etc.

Let each man wear a badge with his name and his trade.

Let each one talk in turn about his trade or his line of work.

Let them discuss their ideals of service.

Let them be ambassadors of Rotary to their respective trade organizations even as Rotarians are said to be to their own groups.

Let them develop the thought of service to their community.

We ask you, Rotarian William Green, would it work in America?

Neutrality in Language

ROTARIANS in various countries appear to be interested in Esperanto. Now and then someone writes to suggest that understanding and world fellowship would be much easier of accomplishment if Rotarians of every nation had, in addition to their own respective languages, a knowledge of a second, universal, neutral language. It may be asked why not take English or some other tongue and have everybody learn it? National rivalries and national pride prevent much progress with existing tongues. Esperanto belongs to no one nation, to no one race. It is universal, cosmopolitan. It has no literary or historical traditions. It is a composite of several languages. It belongs to all. In learning and using it in international contacts peoples will not abandon their own national or racial tongues. Because we have an auxiliary Ford in our garage we do not cease to use or glory in our Rolls-Royce. It is said that one can learn to speak and write Esperanto very easily. What club will be the first in each country to master Esperanto?

New Brooms

A GIFT which is always singularly *apropos* is a new broom—because of its reputation for clean sweeping. The gift, however, is seldom offered, which shows that our tact is equal to our perception!

None the less we all need occasionally the fresh slant and a new start. Quite often when we begin our modest summary of humanity's progress we forget to mention that a good deal of it is forced progress at best. Just how much man really owes to such factors as the irretrievability of time, the niggardliness of nature, and the urge of adverse climatic conditions, it would be hard to say.

No amount of new brooms—actual or figurative—will change these conditions. But a new perspective will add one more spur, and a new incentive may often bring one more achievement. The mind that has sufficient elasticity to take in several angles of a given situation is a mind which minimizes mistakes and increases opportunity.

Because man sheds his skin gradually instead of doing it all at once we are apt to forget that he changes at all. Because things have always been done in a certain way we believe that it is impossible to do them in any other. Because one year is much like the next so far as the shift of seasons is concerned we are too prone to believe that its opportunities must be no greater and its errors no less. Such freedom as we have—the freedom of making certain choices within the limitations of our nature—we limit even more narrowly by our own acts.

Somewhere we have read that on the New Year, the Chinese merchant pays up all his debts and makes a fresh start. The practice is worthy of imitation—the immediate present is as propitious as the New Year—and one should begin with the debts he owes himself.

Good Morning

THIS is the story of a man who has the habit of saying "Good Morning" to at least one stranger each day. At home in his small town, coming into the big city, traveling around the world, wherever he may be his eyes seek for the face of a stranger and to him he bids a cheery "Good Morning." Sometimes it leads to conversation. Sometimes it evokes only a grunt or a grumble. Usually it brings forth a hearty return greeting which rings with gratitude. He has made thousands of people happy by his genial early-morning salutation. He has made it a sunshiny day for them, no matter how bad the weather. Whenever he greets you, be sure to return his greeting.

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

A Story With a Moral

CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN.—District Governor Fred Sherriff started something he had to finish. He inaugurated an attendance contest between the clubs of Charlotte and Hastings. It was agreed that the losing club should furnish a dinner for the winners, and when the question of a tie was brought up the Governor magnanimously agreed that if this exigency arose he would entertain both clubs at a hotel in his home city.

When the Charlotte club entered the contest it was well down the list and Hastings had been a top-notch. It looked like a walk-away for the latter. Everybody got busy in both clubs and the result was a 100 per cent month for each one. Both clubs were royally

entertained at his home city, Battle Creek, and now both are going out for attendance honors again.

The moral of this story is obvious—at least to Fred!

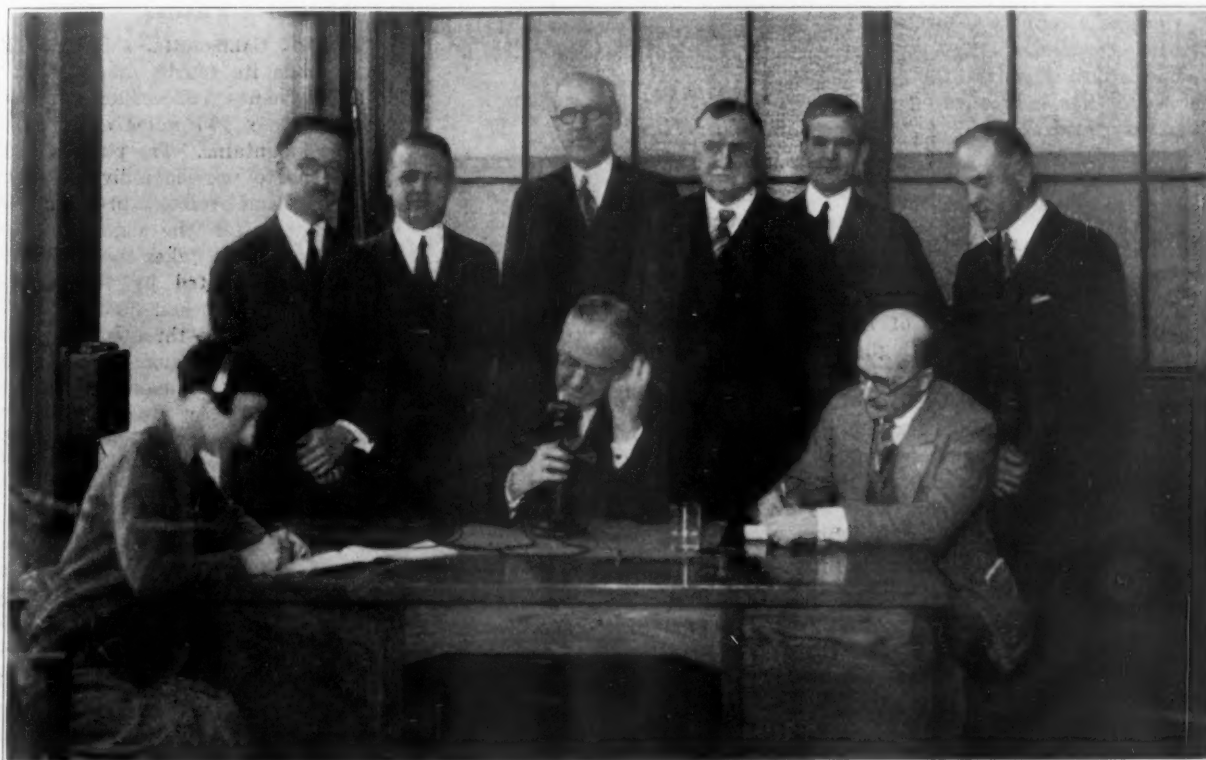
Beauty Chorus Launches Community Singing

SANTA CLARA, CUBA.—At the meeting of executives of Rotary Clubs in Cuba, held here the latter part of the past year, Cuban and Mexican songs were sung. Rotarian Urbano Trista, governor of the Twenty-fifth District—the Republic of Cuba—reports that this was the first time they had had community singing among Rotarians in Cuba and that it proved a great success. He initiated this plan for community singing by obtaining the help of a choir from the Normal School.

Sixth Object Committee Doing Good Work

ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.—The local Rotarians decided that international goodwill could be started right in the home town. Accordingly they held an "international night" and invited representatives of the fifteen nationalities in their town. The club heard brief speeches in the native tongues of Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, and some other countries—followed by translation and elaboration.

This meeting proved so interesting that the chairman of the Sixth Object Committee tried something else. Each Rotarian was given the name of a past secretary in one of the Rotary nations, and was instructed to write him a let-



The Rotary Club of Brockton, Massachusetts, helped make Radiophone history on January 22nd, when officials of the club and members of the Sixth Object Committee participated in an exchange of greetings with C. Alexander Young, president of the Rotary Club of London, England. Judge L. E. Chamberlain of Brockton, and President Young talked for five minutes. There was no static interference. "The relation between the two nations depends not so much upon treaties and direct governmental action as upon the attitude of the people of those nations toward each other," said Judge Chamberlain. In the photo seated, are Judge L. E. Chamberlain (talking) and Alfred Crocker, secretary of the Rotary Club of Brockton.



Near the close of the first semester of the public-school year, the Rotary Club of Birmingham, Alabama, entertained three hundred and fifty boys graduating from the grammar schools. Music was furnished by a twenty-four piece band from the high school and short talks were made by members of the club, emphasizing the importance of a high-school education. Rotarians and their youthful guests acclaimed the meeting productive of much good. The program was planned and staged by the Boys Work Committee of the club, furthering the "Stay-in-School" campaign.

ter. The response has been surprising and the committee is planning another "international night" so that these replies can be read and commented upon.

There is still another phase of this committee's work which deserves mention. At each club meeting there is a five-minute talk on interesting events in some overseas country — or Rotary information concerning that country. While this is not, of course, the speech of the day, it has a broadening effect which is very good.

Rotary's Voice in Black and White

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA.—Once each month the Rotary Club publishes two full pages in the local newspapers under the heading "The Voice of Rotary." One page appears in English and the other in Spanish. The object is to promote the civic development of Panama. The necessary funds for publication are obtained through voluntary donations from various members of the club. The aim of the club is to make these pages an open forum in which may be published the opinions of all those interested in the welfare of the community.

Good News For Ostend Visitors

WICHITA, KANSAS.—The Rotary quartet, of which the Wichita club is inordinately proud, is learning to sing in a dozen languages in order that it can perform at the Ostend Convention. The quartet is learning the national anthems of all the 38 Rotary countries

in the native tongue. The most difficult thing, they find, is the learning of Japanese and Chinese words and the intricacies of Oriental music. However, even this does not daunt these talented, resourceful singers.

Novel activities are the usual thing here. On February 1st, Ladies' Night, the Rotary Anns took over their husbands' jobs and filled the offices of the club.

Corn King Has a "Coronation"

SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA.—The rural-urban committee of Shelbyville Rotary arranged a burlesque "crowning" of Peter J. Lux as a preliminary to a banquet at which people of Shelby county will honor Peter and his sons who have thrice won distinction as corn-growers. The banquet will be attended by members of Rotary, Kiwanis, the Better Business Club, and the Farm Bureau.

Rotarians Organize Public Library

YORKTON, SASK.—Realizing the need for a public library, the members of the Rotary club have recently organized and founded the Yorkton Public Library. Rotarians and non-Rotarians donated books and a number of volumes were purchased. A library of nearly a thousand volumes is now open to the public.

The work of arranging and cataloging the books was done by members of the club. Borrowers of books pay \$1.00 per year for their ticket and financial assistance is also given from the com-

munity funds of the club. A juvenile section is also contemplated in the near future. It is intended to enlarge the library and eventually to hand it over to the citizens of the town as a going concern.

Bring Cheer to Tuberculosis Victims

MERCED, CALIFORNIA.—Merced Rotary made its fourth annual visit to the Tri-County Tubercular Sanatorium at Ahwahnee, 75 miles away in the Sierra mountains. The purpose of the visit was to provide individual Christmas gifts and present a program of entertainment for the eighty patients. The Merced club takes the lead in this enterprise, assisted by the clubs of Madera, Turlock, and Modesto, all being located in the three counties maintaining the sanatorium. Merced Rotarians engineer the financing, while the Rotary Anns select the gifts and wrap them in packages with seasonable decorations.

Interboro Meeting At New York City

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The five Rotary clubs of Greater New York (Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Staten Island, New York) dined recently in a joint meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria; first, for a better get-together feeling among the members of the five clubs in Greater New York; and second, as an opportunity to visualize Rotary to a large number of non-Rotarians among the business and professional men who may not ordinarily come in contact with Rotary, and who may have perhaps no

definite knowledge about the organization.

The program included a sort of "battle royal" among five capable speakers on the question "Which Borough is Contributing Most to the Fair Name of the City of New York?" The address of the evening was "What Should a Rotarian Contribute to His Community?" Trophies were awarded, (1) for the club having the largest attendance of its members in proportion to its size; (2) for the club bringing the largest number of guests in proportion to its size; (3) for the club winning the debate.

Flags Teach Good-Will

GUELPH, ONTARIO.—This club is in an international district embracing clubs in Canada and the United States. The club has a complete set of flags of all the countries in Rotary. They are used in official intercity visits and the custom is to transfer the entire set from one club to another within the district.

Each club is supposed to keep the flags for a month then turn them over to some other club and ask them to pass them along. As far as is possible the flags are transferred each time from an American club to a Canadian club or vice-versa. It is believed this helps to bring home to the individual Rotarian the wide scope of influence exerted by Rotary.

Take Active Part In Civic Work

TAFT, CALIFORNIA.—The Rotarians in this town have developed civic pride to a high point and the club membership is doing its part of the actual work. Four members have been president of the local Business Men's club, one has been chairman of the finance committee of the County Chamber of Commerce, another has been president for two years of the Boy Scouts council and six other members are taking an active part in scout work. Another member has been elected to the state legislature.

More than twelve hundred dollars has been obtained for crippled children by fines assessed by the president at the weekly meetings. The money has put one child on the way to a permanent cure. It is expected he will be well in about four months. Another case is under treatment.

Island Club Aids Crippled Children

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The Rotary club in this city of ten thousand population has signified its determination that "there shall not be in the Garden of the Gulf one crippled child who does not have an

DODSON Bird Houses

Lure the Birds

Will the Beautiful Wild Birds Sing in Your Yard This Year?

without them half the pleasure is missing. Birds abide where they feel protection and know they can obtain food and drink without danger of being molested. Under such conditions they raise family after family, singing and working the whole day long, ridding the gardens and trees of the injurious moths, beetles, mites, mosquitoes and other flying insect pests that not only annoy you but destroy your beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers. Invariably a Dodson House placed as directed will get a colony of beautiful Martins and sweet singing Wrens. Bluebirds and Flickers take naturally to Dodson's Scientifically made houses. The beautiful Cardinals, Thrushes and dozens of others of our beautiful Songbirds will seek your garden if the kind of shelter and food they like is provided. Once you know the joy of bird friendship you will regret the years of pleasure missed.

Dodson Scientifically designed and artistic bird houses are a feature in the most beautiful estates, country clubs and parks all over America.

Why Dodson Houses Win the Birds

For more than 40 years Mr. Dodson has experimented and studied every little detail which, although seemingly insignificant, is vital to the approval of each fastidious species of songster.



Free

This fascinating book, "Your Bird Friends and How to Win Them," sent to anyone who loves our beautiful songbirds. Full of things you should know based on a lifetime of close bird study.



Bluebird House

The happiest and most beloved Songsters. Dodson's Scientific houses satisfy these most exacting birds.

Made of oak, finished in white and green. Size 21 in. high by 16 in. in diameter with 14 ft. easy raising and lowering pole.

Price \$14.00



Flicker House

Is a sure lure for these very useful birds. Trees in cities are so well taken care of that Flickers have difficulty in finding homes. They, therefore, take very readily to Dodson's Scientifically Built Houses. Flickers are one of the most useful birds, destroying moths, tree pests and principally ants on trees and ground. Many letters have been received stating that ants have mysteriously vanished since these birds have found homes. House 26 1/2 in. high by 12 in. in diameter. Only \$7.00



Dodson Scientific Wren House

as shown above

The Silver Throated Wren is one of our sweetest singers. A four-compartment house satisfies their habit of changing nests for each of their three broods. Beautiful design, made of oak, finished in green with cypress shingles, copper coping, comes complete with rust-proof snap-on hanger. Size 28 in. high by 18 in. in diameter. Price \$7.00



Queen Anne Martin House

of 48 rooms. This beautiful house with its specially ventilated garrets, porches and other patented details has proven a sure lure for these most useful and fascinating birds. A large house size 36 x 26 x 37 inches; copper roof, including 22 ft. easy raising and lowering pole only \$60.00. Others as low as \$10.00



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THOS. E. SANDERS, Racine, Wis.

opportunity to regain his health and efficiency," by giving a check for nine hundred dollars to the chief Red Cross nurse in the island for this part of her work. Considering the size of the club and the population of the city this is considered an excellent showing. The orthopedic clinic here has handled more than ninety children's cases since it started last year. It is estimated there are four hundred children on the island who need attention. The response to this appeal for funds indicates the importance with which the club regards this work.

Publishes Manual of Rotary Information

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.—This club has recently issued a thirty-two page pamphlet prepared by its Rotary Education committee. It contains articles on the origin and growth of Rotary, history of the Frankfort Club, Rotary definitions, Rotary information which all members should have, the Code of Ethics, interpretations, together with a roster of the membership of the club.

With such a manual there is no excuse for any member of the club not being posted as to Rotary. Also the Education committee is in position to conduct Rotary quizzes among the membership.

Bequest to Boy Scout Foundation

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—C. D. Velie, president of Minneapolis Council of Boy Scouts, has created an instrument of gift, establishing the Minneapolis Boy Scout Foundation and has written a codicil to his will providing for a gift of \$50,000 to the Foundation. The will provides that one-third of the income, known as "Local Income," shall be used for scout leadership and training in the City of Minneapolis and that two-thirds, known as the "Rural Income," shall be used in giving scout training to farm and rural boys in the states of Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, and the eastern half of Montana.

Make Survey of Rural Schools

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.—This club has done many things which are done by similar clubs, such as entertaining sixty farmers, financing a 43-piece Scout band, campaigning for better dairy stock, and organizing a crippled-children's clinic. But in addition the club members did novel and effective service when, under the direction of officials of the Health Department of the State Board of Education, they made a personal survey of the county schools, except those in the city. Committees visited 120 schools and will soon make a report on the hygienic and general conditions found.

(Continued on page 42)



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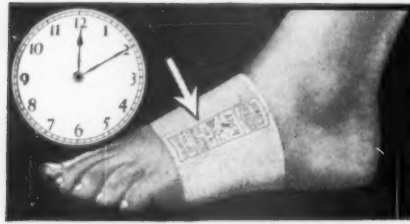
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The One and the Ninety-and-Nine

By Elmer C. Griffith

"HOW long will the classification clubs continue?" is a question occasionally raised. The correct answer to that inquiry is: They will live just so long as they justify their existence by worth-while enterprises. Such activities include work for boys in general, for the Boy Scouts, all enterprises promoting civic betterment, and the work for crippled children. The Rotary Club of Kalamazoo enjoys jolly, rollicking sessions and believes most thoroughly in acquaintanceship; neither does it neglect the precepts of service.

The Crippled Children's Clinic held by the Rotary Club of Kalamazoo, Michigan, was a conspicuous success. The Visitor from Another City observing the clinic in actual progress on the afternoon of its last day, and wishing data for his own club, asked: "How has this happy result been secured?" The Philosopher of the Rotary Club of Kalamazoo replied: "It is in large part to be ascribed to the unusual personnel and equipment offered by such a city. For Kalamazoo contains a fortunate combination of educational, professional, industrial, commercial, and financial advantages. There was not an institution of note in the city but gave its active support through the members of Rotary."

"Kalamazoo, you know, is the seat of the oldest institution of higher learning in Michigan, Kalamazoo College, established in 1833, and having for its slogan: Lux Esto. It has graduates in every honorable walk of life. Then there is the Western State Normal with its large enrollment of men as well as women; also the public-school system which enjoys a national reputation, while other private schools rank among the best. Here is located the State Hospital with its noted psychiatrists and medical experts. The Club membership includes a journalist of metropolitan ability, an advertising expert, the founder and manager of the Pretty Lake Vacation Camp where five hundred underprivileged and undernourished children in relays enjoy two weeks at a supervised camp permanently equipped. The different classifications are ably and perhaps completely represented in our Club."

Here the Visitor interjected: "Kalamazoo is the celery city, is it not? Whenever I am enroute through your

city men carrying large bundles of celery through the cars sell it for a quarter a bunch."

"That is true," replied the Philosopher, "also many people are familiar with 'Kalamazoo Direct To You.' This is, however, a city of diversified business interests. Officials of big paper mills, growers of celery, 'Santa Claus,' the manufacturer of Christmas sleds, executives of the mint and essential oils industry, of fishing tackle, of gas water heaters, of engraving firms: all sorts of industry, business, and professions shared in this enterprise. It was team work."

"You must, however, meet the chairman of the general committee having our clinic in charge. He combines the training and experience of both a medical and business man. He is the vice-president of a firm of manufacturing pharmacists."

The chairman knew each case by name, where located, and what member was responsible for supervising it. However, his modesty led him to disclaim any credit for himself. When introduced to the Visitor, Dr. S. Rudolph Light simply said: "The Rotary Club responded like a well-trained army."

"TELL me, how was this efficient army trained," queried the Visiting Rotarian. The chairman, while still refusing any personal credit, observed: "The preliminaries for the clinic were ample proof of the merits of the enterprise. Ed W. Kelsey, of Toledo, former district governor, gave one of his dynamic addresses at an evening session where each member entertained a son, his own or another's. Probably the real beginning, however, dated back two years, from the time Rotarian Louis Rosenbaum individually and in the name of the club sponsored a case of a boy unable to walk; a boy who could only crawl on hands and knees. After five operations in Detroit and accompanying medical care, the boy was able to walk and play like other boys, having only a slight limp. Such work as this gives a man a heart the size of a house."

"All of the promoters would appear to be men and yet I see many charming women here," noted the observing Visitor. He was then introduced to Miss Alberta Chase, executive secretary of the Michigan Crippled Children's Society. She in no small way was a contributor to this success.

There is one respect in which I exceed my brother, who is engaged in teaching economics," she laughingly commented. "For I 'joined' Rotary a little in advance of him." She is a real Rotarian in spirit. In fact, her office had recommended the speaker for the particular luncheon which the Visitor happened to be attending.

"So you see," resumed the genial Philosopher, "we had team work, varied sorts of abilities and gifts. Such was the background. And then came the canvass. The county was divided into 105 districts, a man to each district. The Rotary Club of Vicksburg was associated in the work and I overheard the president at Vicksburg say effectively to his men: 'If you fail to find all the crippled children in your territory do not apologize to me or to the club, but to the unfortunate child who lost this opportunity through your oversight.'"

President Bert Todd, of Kalamazoo, greeted the Visitor. In a few words he explained what had been done. "Our motto was: Take Rotary to every crippled child. Not a crippled child in the entire county was overlooked. One busy merchant spent three days in completing his survey. One or two members were ill or absent from the city, other members volunteered and did the work, and were rewarded by the satisfaction in the service rendered. The canvassers in some instances were accompanied by the county supervisors. Inquiry was made at homes, at schools, country stores, and from neighbors. In practically every instance a case was located before its home was reached. The by-ways were not neglected, roads on which frequently for days only the rural carrier passed, were canvassed as faithfully as were industrial centers."

THE vice-president of the club, Samuel Bickerstaff, took up the story from this point. Incidentally Sam is the president of one of the world's largest manufactories of uniforms and lodge regalia. But he has time for Rotary work.

"I rapped several times at a rural home," he said. "Finally a little lad of three summers came around the house and admonished me to stop making a noise or I would 'wake our baby up.' Others, among our canvassers, I understand, occasionally were not so fortunate, for they found the entire household in some instances either sleeping or absent from home. At one house a boy stoutly affirmed: 'We have no cripples here,' when he himself was one. Probably he was hoping to dissimulate interest because of fear of an operation. This was in marked contrast to another boy who said he would like to be made straight 'so the kids won't make fun of me.' I was told of a little girl who



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had been in a hospital and had been relieved of a deformity through an operation. Out of gratitude she proposed writing a cheery note of encouragement to young Master Rose who was waiting an operation to restore his eye-sight injured by a chemical explosion."

"Another canvasser told us that in one case a mother phoned into headquarters saying she had forgotten to report to the investigating Rotarian a daughter with a crippled hand. That was, of course, exceptional. In most cases the mothers gave more care and consideration to the unfortunates than to the ninety-and-nine. One or two homes refused to co-operate but later begged permission to join us. Some of the investigators reported as many as eight subjects for the clinic; others reported there were none in their territory. Although the county was thoroughly combed the number of cases located was one-fourth short of the total anticipated. One hundred forty-eight were reported, and all but five have been at the clinic."

Hereupon Secretary Will, who is always re-elected, interjected: "The real value of the enterprise was everywhere recognized. The praise of Rotary was on all lips. Some of the persons canvassed, not having cripples whom they could report and thus help, hoped to have Rotary's assistance in other humanitarian directions, as assisting in regulating lake resorts, in securing better roads, and even in locating a buyer for a farm bordering on a lake."

"That is splendid for Rotary," agreed the Visiting Rotarian. "But did the clinic really open up any new possibilities for service to your club in other directions?"

"I can tell you about that if you have time for it," said the chairman of the Public Affairs Committee. "The survey gave some interesting side-lights on tenure of farm lands, the cultivation of some farms having been abandoned, some annexed into larger holdings, frequent changes in tenants in some sections, an occasional Italian family with many children recently moved to a farm; a thrifty housewife boarding two

husky little lads who 'were not so when they came from the city.' A census-taking of crippled children may also reveal some of the problems of dirt farmers in which a city might well be interested."

The Visitor was taken over to the Masonic Temple where the clinic was held. The auditorium and other facilities of the temple had been donated. The auditorium had been rented for an entertainment the preceding night. As the clinic was to begin at seven-thirty in the morning a call was sent forth for Rotarians to appear at ten that evening to clear the hall of chairs and to install the necessary equipment. Eighty willing hands, those of clergy, of executives, of busy professional men, quickly transformed the auditorium into a place resembling somewhat the interior of a hospital.

IN the entrance hall had been placed the registration desk where each crippled child was "dressed in" and later "dressed out"; a cloak-room had become the history-room for the gathering of data on each case, a part of the large auditorium was partitioned off for the nurses who prepared each case. The rostrum was transformed by the magic of an electric train of cars, in one corner were movies of Charlie Chaplin, other nooks were full of pictures and of games; there were rubber-tired carts and wagons, and everywhere wives of Rotarians and willing hands. In the banquet hall meals were served at noon; and on an upper floor the Visitor found the experts diagnosing each case.

Though there were no tears or unhappiness among the children, the Visitor's throat choked up as he saw the little white-clad patients, attended by nurses, while mothers looked on now fearful, now hopeful. There being two tables to each physician, one case being prepared while he examined the other. Surrounded by medical men he commented on each child showing what should have been done and what treatment was then needed. Stenographers and nurses recorded the data. In an-

other room sixty-eight x-ray pictures were taken by experts.

As the Visitor returned to the entrance hall he noticed that the children as they left the Temple in care of their guardian Rotarians were made happy with boxes of candy, or were taken to shops for ice-cream.

Among the experts interviewed by the Visitor was the vocational-school authority who remarked: "Fifty per cent of these cases can be cured and ninety per cent helped. In many instances their mental training has been arrested; proper schooling will be provided for these children. At the next session of the club I shall submit an appeal for work for one boy whose mental training has been seriously retarded."

"And what are to be your follow-up methods?" the ever-inquisitive one wanted to know. "How can new cases needing help be reported?" The chairman of the general committee answered his inquiry: "A bill for the state legislature is now under consideration that will require the registration of all crippled and afflicted children, as births and deaths are now reported. The record of each of our present cases is being compiled to be later supplied in duplicate to the club and to the parents. It is the purpose of the club to co-operate with the parents to see that the experts' recommendations are complied with."

As the Visitor was escorted by the Philosopher to the waiting auto the local sage philosophized: "All our workers feel they have been to school in Rotary education in a most practical way, and that 'Service Above Self' has been exemplified. Consequently the clinic is looked upon as but the beginning of graduate courses in Rotary service."

"You are right," exclaimed the departing Guest. "My home Club is interested in crippled children's work. I will recommend that it pattern its clinic upon the methods so effectively used by the Rotary Club of Kalamazoo."

Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 38)

Sixth Object Correspondence

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—Members of this club are corresponding with overseas Rotarians holding their own classifications on topics pertaining to world business which affect the amity and good-will existing between the

countries. In order that the success of the plan may be assured, President Wittig has appointed a committee to supervise the scheme. Replies from Rotarians overseas are passed on from member to member and when space permits they are printed in the weekly club bulletin.

Rotary Spirit Demonstrated By Gracious Actions

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—More than sixty boys from local orphanages were entertained at lunch by the Wellington Rotarians recently. The menu was especially prepared for boys' appetites. The Rotarians sang to the boys, the boys sang to the Rotarians

and boys from the different institutions connected in singing with each other. At the luncheon the members drove to the Home for Old Men and took the aged residents for a drive around the city and gave them afternoon tea at the home of one of the Rotarians, where each one was presented with a gift. Acting Governor Will Herbert of the Fifty-third District, said that "Actions on such a scale could never have been possible before Rotary came to us."

Blind Children Present Fairy Play

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—Each year the club gives a Christmas party for the children at Farmington Nursery. This year there were seventeen little guests—all of whom are blind—most of whom will always be so. They could not see the Christmas tree nor the presents, but they did enjoy it all. For their own share of the entertainment they presented a fairy play "Santa Claus in the Land of Oz" taking all but the adult parts and giving a fine performance. Then there were speeches, the lad who was to make the speech of thanks had stage fright—but soon recovered. The three-year-old who seemed most likely to have stage fright was the hit of the show. There was a Christmas present of some \$250 for nursery needs.

Novel Attendance Campaign

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—The attendance committee monopolized the show at the January 14th meeting of the Rotary club here. As each member entered the room he was given a tag for his coat giving his "grade," similar to the system used in the public schools—100, A, B, C, D and E. Three had perfect attendance records.

After the one-hundred percenters had been complimented the chaps of the E grades were asked to stand. They were marched down around the room and seated at an unoccupied table in the center, then each group from A to D was given a brief talk. The climax of the program came with a staged telephone conversation between the poor attendant and the chairman of the committee. This conversation revealed the attitude of the different lax attenders from the congenial forgetters to the "hard-boiled" absentees.

Scout Round-Up Brings \$5,000

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.—The Rotary and Kiwanis clubs of this town took the lead in organizing a whirlwind campaign which netted \$5,000 for the use of the Scouts. The success of the campaign was largely due to its careful organization, which was con-

ducted somewhat along the following lines: When it was agreed that the two clubs should take the lead, each member was asked to be responsible for the work of some other organization with which he was affiliated. In this way some 500 workers representing about thirty churches and societies were secured, and were assigned by the general committee to various districts. They tramped the streets for two hours and by midnight it was known that Salem's quota would be easily obtained. As clubs, the Rotary and Kiwanis took no other part in the drive, but nearly every member was active. The success was the more gratifying because it was truly a community effort.

Two Rotarians Win Local Service Medal

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.—Individuals in this community have been waking in the morning to find themselves famous. It is all because of an award the local club established in 1924 of a medal for the resident of Jackson county who had done the greatest service to others out of the line of his active duty and exclusive of bravery or monetary philanthropy.

Miss Cora Allen, many years principal of Central High School of the city, received the reward the first year for her work among the children in the poorer districts in establishing clothing and milk funds. The next year it went to a Rotarian, George Luther, for his work with rehabilitated soldiers. This year it was awarded to Burton R. Laraway—also a Rotarian—for his work among crippled children.

The committee awarding these medals consists of the mayor and the president of the county board. As the committee is in no way connected with the club, the awards are made independently upon the merits. The club, however, is proud of the fact that two of its members have won the prize.

Hold Charter Night a Year Later

DANIELSON, CONNECTICUT.—Blizzards, floods, and earthquakes are about the only things liable to mar a charter-presentation night. On February 4th, 1926, charter night, there was a blizzard. The snow was piled so high around Danielson that the only Rotarians from the outside world able to attend were from the parent club at Putnam, Connecticut. They traveled by bus but got out and shoveled snow most of the way. District Governor John Allison attempted to get over by automobile but failed. This year the first birthday party was combined with charter night. The storm gods graciously permitted; a novel program was staged.



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Irrepressible Belgium

(Continued from page 16)

crown rests exactly 340 feet above the street.

Brussels, situated as it is on the language frontier, contains marked characteristics of both Flemings and Walloons and is also becoming increasingly cosmopolitan and international. The number of guilds, corporations, societies, clubs, amusement places, social events, etc., is amazing. At every turn, also, one is reminded of great figures of the past, in history and in literature. Maeterlinck and Emile Verhaeren are still as popular as the French exile, Victor Hugo, who once resided in the old town. Here he sold his manuscript of *Les Misérables*. It was Verhaeren—in "Toute la Flandre"—who so often voiced the deepest feelings of his countrymen, past and present, in such words as these:

*To Flanders all my life and thoughts belong,
My land absorbs me into its strength,
that I
Through it the better may the world descry
And celebrate the earth with mightier song.*

Even in early days people of the low countries led the world in music. Beethoven's family is traceable to a small village near Louvain. Those great masters of the violin, Thompson and Ysaye, came from Liège. One can always hear good music in the capital. Here Calvé and Melba made their debuts in former years.

The streets of Brussels are full of life and interest. The people are never dull, the shops are always attractive, and the big dogs are forever pulling their milk-carts laden with bright copper and brass kettles. Bakers, venders, and laundresses also use the dog as a beast of burden in distributing their wares. His lot is not nearly so bad as the casual tourist might suppose. On the whole he is well-treated and the government makes periodic inspections of his harness and general condition. Some of these fine animals did marvelous work during the war in dragging military equipment, and the police dogs were often the first to find the wounded and to carry medical supplies.

To dine in a wealthy Belgian home is always an unforgettable experience. A few years ago I had the privilege of attending a dinner party at which the Prime Minister, the Minister of War, and a dozen other important officials were present. The menu was unequalled but the conversation was even more interesting. At that time the problems of reconstruction seemed almost insurmountable, but not once did I hear a pessimistic remark. All eyes

were on the future. The same spirit is manifest among the common people, and the middle class. It is by no means difficult to learn much from the *facteur*, who has raised the science of delivering mail to a fine art, and from the officials of train and railway, who are never too busy to answer questions if courteously addressed, and the courageous policemen who are ready for any emergency. The women impress one as thrifty, contented, and efficient. The wife of the proprietor of my favorite café is the presiding genius of the place, and on entering, it is quite the proper thing to raise one's hat in greeting to "Madame."

After all, the chief characteristic of Belgian society is its domesticity. The family and its affairs form the pivot of the social fabric which even the stress and abnormalities of war have not destroyed. On the other hand the war tended to break down barriers between the social classes—officials, financiers, political personages, literary people, artists, burghers, etc. One objective is common to all—they all aspire to be home-owners. The ordinary citizen makes big sacrifices to transfer himself from tenant to owner class; he buys plenty of furniture which he aims to keep for a lifetime, arises early, does most of his business before noon, takes plenty of time to eat a good dinner, often works till six or after at the office, retires early and on Sunday recreates and dines out with his family. If he invites you to a meal at his home he will ask you to sit on the sofa, for that is the place for distinguished guests! Many people live in the easily accessible suburbs. Even the King's summer residence is at Laeken, four miles from the Brussels Palace where most of his business is transacted. His old Chateau was a favorite abode of the first Napoleon, and the grounds are famous for their extensive greenhouses and orangery. His chalet at Ostend is also one of his delightful retreats.

ANTWERP, Ghent, and Bruges are known as the three sister towns, but are decidedly different. Antwerp is one of Europe's oldest cities and has been one of its chief ports since the middle ages. Located on the right bank of the Scheldt, about 53 miles from the North Sea, it commands a strategic position. In 1890 the port ranked sixth in importance in terms of tonnage, in 1920 it was fourth and now it is second only to London. The original Bourse, one of the finest of Gothic buildings, was erected in 1531 and paid for by a merchant named Van der Beursee. It is probable that the word "Bourse" is de-

river from his name. The great Cathedral begun in the Fourteenth Century, contains two of Ruben's masterpieces "The Raising of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross." His pictures are also in all the important churches as well as in the museums. The remains of the house which he occupied from 1611 until his death, is preserved in the center of the city, and his tomb is in the Rubens Chapel of Saint Jaques. The Town Hall contains some remarkable frescoes by the founder of Antwerp's modern school of painting, Henri Leys. Antwerp is one of the leading diamond markets of the world and more than 20,000 men are employed in diamond cutting and polishing.

Ghent is the center of the textile industry and its great Socialist Cooperative Organization "De Vooruit" is a survival of those daring corporations which in early centuries challenged the most powerful monarchs of Europe. The town boasts fine old churches, a mediaeval belfry, a city hall of the early Renaissance and a castle which, in spite of necessary restorations, is a real reminder of feudal strongholds. The city's most prized artistic treasure is "The Adoration of the Lamb" by the Van Eycks, now being exhibited in London. After the Waterloo campaign it was Ghent which recovered most quickly. Its first cloth factory made the French uniforms and during Dutch Rule from 1815 to 1830 cotton goods were manufactured. It is interesting that the Civil War in the United States cut off the supplies of cotton and produced great distress in Ghent. Later the lace industry was transferred from homes to factories and scientifically enlarged to its present proportions.

Between Ghent and Ostend lies picturesque Bruges, breathing the mystic atmosphere of the past and preserving jealously the heritages which make it one of the most fascinating towns of the continent. There is an elusive, haunting charm about it which made one of my American friends exclaim: "I started out to see all of Belgium, but when I reached Bruges I could go no further. I was content to spend my whole vacation here and wished for another year!" The famous belfry, Cloth Hall, Notre-Dame, and other important buildings date back to the era of mediaeval prosperity; the Town Hall, Upper Chapel of the Holy Blood and Hotel Gruutius hark back to the early Renaissance and the Palace of Justice to the late Renaissance. Jan van Eyck, David, Bouts, and Memling are well represented in art, the latter's finest paintings being in the Hospital of St. John.

Bruges indeed is a veritable shrine, a peaceful harbor apart from the stormy seas of life, an echo of a glori-

ous past which can never die. Old women sitting in the doorways in their lace caps and drab dresses appear to have stepped from an old story book. Quaint figures ply the canals in little boats, and other quaint figures leisurely cross the silent waters over numerous bridges. The Cathedral which once witnessed the installation of the Knights of the Golden Fleece welcomes visitors from all quarters of the world, and the immortal bells peel all day and all night. Their tone is intriguing and if they waken you in the dark hours there is always the belfry sharply silhouetted against the sky, and that is quite irresistible. After such an experience it

seemed quite incongruous to go into the square next day and discover a motion-picture theater, opposite the belfry, with large flaming posters announcing, "The Mysteries of New York." Thus does the inartistic and distasteful seep its way through the cracks of commerce. The film probably sent some more emigrants to America, and then died—but Bruges will never die.

Courtrai has a fair claim to rank next to Bruges in historical interest, for it played an important part among the early communes. It is best known for its Battle of the Spurs. Even though this was back in 1302, the modern

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citizen of Courtrai squares his shoulders and swells with pride at the recollection of the deeds of his forefathers and his own deeds during the late war.

Ypres, alas, suffered heavily but a new and greater Ypres is rising upon the ruins of the old and has already recovered more than two-thirds of its pre-war population, for let it be repeated, Belgium is irrepressible. Nieuport and even Dixmude have risen from their ashes.

Louvain, once the capital of Brabant, has attracted numerous visitors, because of the burning of the city and its University in 1914, but the scars of war are hard to find there today. The town contains the best examples of civic

architecture of the Fifteenth Century and the masterpiece of Dierick Bouts "The Last Supper." The narrow streets are lined with the high walls and closed windows of numerous convents. Of the two thousand cloth factories which crowded the town in the fourteenth century, but few remain.

Malines, the religious capital, is noted for its fine lace. The Law Courts, once the Palace of Marguerite of Austria, are the earliest specimens of Renaissance architecture in the Netherlands.

Liège is the natural capital of the Walloon Country, as Ghent is of the Flemish. It has been aptly called the Birmingham of Belgium. With its

dozen strong fortresses, it was once considered the chief defense of the Meuse Valley, but it proved a backdoor through which the Germans swarmed. A fortnight later their advance had forced its way to Charleroi. Little remains of the historic old buildings of Liège, whose industrial prosperity dates from the Dutch régime. It was in 1886 that Meunier after a visit to the Black Country, exhibited his wonderful statues "The Hammerer" and "The Puddler." This was really the first time that a European artist had exalted industrial work. Later he made his great bas-relief "Industry" which with other striking pieces can be seen in Brussels. It was at Seraing, near Liège, that an Englishman, two years after Waterloo, established the greatest foundry and engineworks of Belgium. Tournai still produces most of the "Brussels carpets."

It is often the small towns which one finds most interesting. The Belgian writer Abel Torcy, thus describes one of these towns of West Flanders: "The main street runs from the station between low white-washed houses, the windows of which are framed with tar. It is a narrow and winding street. When a cart loaded with flax passes through it, it brushes against the fronts of the houses, and the people are obliged to take refuge in the doorways. Those who are unaccustomed to the sharp and uneven cobble-stones must take care not to twist their feet. There are humble shops, with lattice doors on which a bell tinkles, and also two-storied buildings of a pretentious and common type. A sign shows the house of the notary; a copper plate that of the doctor, the brewer, or any important tradesman. Here is the square: a plot of ground framed with trees. Farther on, the street turns towards the pond where the horses are watered. A Gothic church, the principal ornament of the town, rears its tower at a cross-road, near the bank of the Lys. Poplars dip their reflection in the river; large barges used for steeping the flax are fastened along the bank; sometimes a sail appears between the meadows bordered with small willows which, with one foot in the water, seem to be waiting for an opportunity to cross."

Belgium is the only country in Europe where in town after town, however small, one can discover a Gothic Church, a Renaissance Town Hall, and probably a cloth hall and belfry—the characteristic monuments respectively of mediæval faith, industry, and civic spirit. Belgium has preserved better than any other nation many of the fascinating elements of the middle ages which were once common to Western Europe. In her traditions, folk-lore, artistic spirit, and religious expression she combines realism and mysticism to a surprising degree. Then, too, hers is



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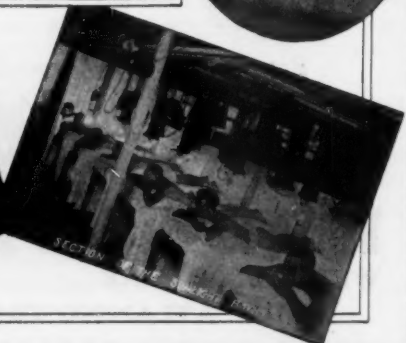
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and of contrasts—industry and agriculture, hustling cities and sleepy villages, busy market-places and dreamy no-man's-lands, bustling exchanges and the soft mysterious light of impressive cathedrals. Before the war Belgium was the first nation in Europe in density of population, in proportionate length of her railway system, in the yield of crops per acre, and in the value of exports and imports per person. In spite of all her suffering, she is in many ways better off today than before the war. She has

few equals in art treasures, stable government, advanced social legislation, foreign trade, and national spirit. Only recently she has won the "battle to save the franc" and has stabilized her currency on a gold basis. New loans have been negotiated and capital is flowing into the country. This is indeed a big little country.

Once again Belgium is rising above all her difficulties, optimistic, unafraid—irrepressible.

Mars and Us

(Continued from page 13)

certainly make a bad or a worse mess of it. In fact its success to date, partial though it is, is quite astonishing because the Grand Theory flies straight in the face of all human history.

"Owing to the multiplicity of nations and languages in Terra their problem of International relationships is much more thorny and difficult than with us. In fact they find it to be perhaps the most intractable of all their problems.

"How ardently I wish we could get in touch with them and relate to them our history in this respect. We could show them that government by consent and decentralization of authority, with national interpretations and adaptations of the central program is the way to assured and agreed success. Units of national control, with ultimate responsibility to the Central Authority, is the way to democratise any movement and to assure success. In fact that remarkable world-wide organization, the British Empire with all its faults, is an object lesson of the truth of this thesis.

"Our problem was by comparison, simplicity itself, inasmuch as we have only 20 nations and one language universally understood. But in spite of this greater measure of common ground we still have strong currents of nationality, national pride, patriotism, traditions and psychology and we have never achieved any single success by ignoring these. On the contrary, the more recognition they have received and the more allowance is made for them the greater the success of any Martian movement.

"The Governing Body should say, in effect, to all the nations in Rotary and to each of them:

"Take as much as you may find useful for your purposes, but be first-hand and creative and express Rotary through your own genius. Enrich our programs by adding yourselves to them. Transmute our thought into your own idiom. Do not permit Rotary to remain a mere importation. Pass it through the fires of your own experience so that it may become native to your own hearts. Make your own interpretations and devise your own methods so long

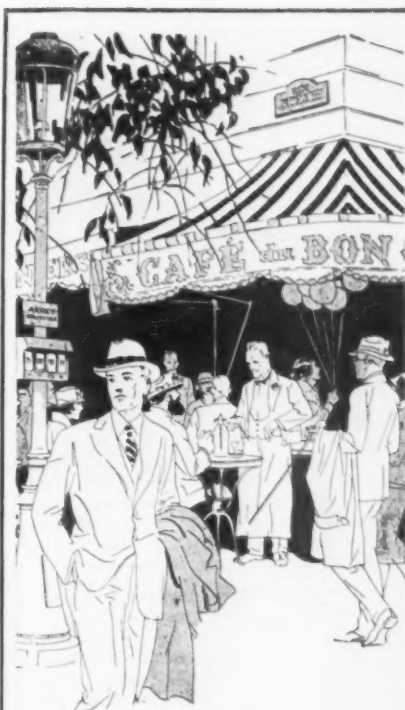
as these are consistent with the six objects and the ethics of Rotary. Bring your experience and your discoveries into the common storehouse of Rotary."

"We know that this freedom has its dangers but they are the dangers of liberty. It would be easier to standardize you, to submit you to regimentation, to turn you out on Mass-Production lines—easier but more deadly, easier but with the dull nullity of uniformity, easier but entailing spiritual suffocation. It is *Rotary* that unites us, not any one interpretation or mode of Rotary. We give you a flower. Plant it in your own soil. Acclimatize it to your own atmosphere. Moreover, we give you this flower in the spirit of liberty because we are assured in our own minds, as we think of the history of our own country, that Liberty is not only a priceless boon but that it is also an inalienable right."

"In succeeding lectures I propose to deal with"

Sssssss. Crrrrrrrrrick! Plop! Wheeeeeeeooooow! Blob! "Confusion to all oscillators" I muttered, feverishly hunting with the cat's whisker, "Confound their knavish tricks."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor Argufy is evidently well posted upon mundane Rotary, but he has slipped a cog in his interpretation of what he refers to as the Grand Theory of Rotary. Many of us know that this theory does not desire to wipe out nationality on Terra but merely seeks to have all the nations of Terra unite in building an international program for Rotary—international because it will comprise those simple fundamentals of fellowship, mutual understanding, and right relations which men of all nations can agree upon. Without losing their nationality scientists work in the common cause of science. Without surrendering their nationality religionists join in their common religion. Musicians of all nationalities play their instruments in harmony. Why can't the business men of the world unite in a common ideal of service?



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Making Capitalists—Millions of Them

By John P. Mullen

Assistant Educational Director of the Investment Bankers
Association of America

IN a recent report the Department of Commerce at Washington finds that the national wealth of the United States exceeds \$320,800,000,000. When we look back, with this figure for comparison, over the short period of America's industrial development, back to the poverty-stricken condition of the colonies, there seems to be something well-nigh magical in this unequaled achievement. In scarcely more than a hundred years the small forge has been developed into enormous steel mills, vast areas have been wrested from barrenness by irrigation and from isolation by transportation, wooden schooners have been replaced with great steel steamers, communication facilities have been added to yearly at costs running into enormous figures, cities have been established permanently with steel and stone, and thousands of industries have sprung up in every part of the country to provide for the material needs of millions of people.

This semblance of magic grows more persistent when we consider particular instances. In a quarter of a century the automobile industry in the United States has developed to enormous proportions. Its growth and expansion has necessitated an investment of nearly \$2,000,000,000. In the purchase and up-keep of its product the American people spend more than \$15,000,000,000 annually. Even more amazing is the growth of the radio business. In about five years the radio industry has grown so fast that even the Department of Commerce, with all its facilities for the collection of financial facts, cannot measure its present size. No one knows how much is invested in radio, but from all indications the amount must be enormous. It would probably be a safe estimate to say that there are now in use over \$650,000,000 worth of radio receiving sets. And these instances might be multiplied again and again. Most of us can remember the incredulity that marked the birthday of the motion-picture business. Today that industry has an investment of more than \$1,250,000,000, and people pay more than \$550,000,000 a year in admissions

to some 18,000 motion-picture theaters. And then there is the business of supplying light and power. In 1820, the first electric-light and power plant faced an uncertain future. Today the industry has 225,000 employees, more than 19,500,000 customers, gross annual earnings of over \$1,680,000,000 and approximately \$8,400,000,000 of capital invested. So down through the whole list of some 375,000 corporations, through agriculture, through every form of business that contributes in one way or the other toward the production of further wealth, we find this semblance of magic—startling growth, enormous investments, and, what is of more than incidental interest, increasing profits.

There are many things set forth to explain this rapid and unequaled wealth, over \$300,000,000,000 of which is privately owned. American ingenuity, the high skill of American management, the system and method of American business, natural resources, and many other things have been romantically seized upon and honored for their part in an activity which adds over two billion dollars annually to the national income. Undoubtedly, these factors have been of great importance. But their importance is sometimes permitted to overshadow that factor which is necessary before all other factors can begin to function, that factor characterized by magical powers above all others, that factor of greatest economical utility—capital.

IN the early days of the American colonies, the constant cry was for capital. There was initiative then—and courage, skill, method, efficiency, and a great abundance of the crude means of subsistence. But progress was hampered by the lack of capital necessary to make these factors effective in production. That this deficiency was early felt is apparent from the fact that a Secretary of the Treasury, one hundred years ago, despairing of private enterprise finding sufficient capital in other ways, discussed possible loans without interest from the public treasury to encourage industry. It was this cry for capital that brought loans from Europe, money to build small forges,

support lumbering, and finance ship-building. European capital, running in millions of dollars, built American railroads and made possible the development of the rich and extensive mineral and agricultural lands of the West. But the money needed for the direct development of agriculture, building, mining manufactories, and trade had to be provided by the inhabitants.

America's first capital was acquired through saving, and these savings out of the frugal incomes of the people turned back into production started her on her way. The owners of the first manufacturing concerns, owners and employees, invested in these businesses everything they could save. Every dollar that could be conserved by self-denial was put to work. Fostered with savings, industry flourished, and with the development of industry the wealth of the country increased. In 1850 the wealth of the United States was over \$7,135,000,000. In the next decade it more than doubled, while the amount of savings on deposit tripled. For over a hundred years, by proper conservation and application of capital, the productive capital has been doubled every ten years. That has been the national accomplishment. Today almost every dollar of national wealth in the United States is contributing to the economic welfare and to the further production of wealth.

TODAY the national income is estimated at over \$70,000,000,000, which means that each person in the United States has around \$640 a year of income. Such figures explain how the American people can put more than \$6,000,000,000 of new capital yearly into the securities of governments and corporations—new money that produces added wealth; how within a year they can spend \$15,000,000,000 on the purchase and upkeep of automobiles valued at better than four and a half billion dollars; how they can spend over a third of a billion dollars a year for radio, over \$6,000,000,000 yearly for new building construction, pay taxes amounting to nearly \$7,000,000,000 and find a surplus to increase enormously their bank deposits and insurance holdings. Such figures reflect the enormous growth of industries and the rapidly increasing rate of production in the United States. And they speak forcibly for that American tradition which has made the United States a nation of capitalists, not sleeping capitalists but the kind that accomplish magical things by the proper use of those means which give productive aid to human labor.

Those habits of saving and investing a portion of the wealth which started the establishment of America's present economic life are deeply ingrained to-

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day. It is estimated that the American people save about 17 per cent of their annual income. About half of this percentage is accounted for by the savings of business concerns, and the remainder by the savings of individuals. Most of this surplus sum of approximately \$11,000,000,000 is turned back by millions of capitalists through various direct and indirect channels into further production. About six and a half billion dollars is placed in stocks and bonds. Many millions more go into mortgages and other local securities. More than \$2,500,000,000 is paid out

annually in insurance premiums by more than 54,000,000 policy holders to be invested by insurance companies, and other staggering sums are added to bank deposits. The sum total is the percentage set aside to insure continued prosperity. It represents the increasing equity of those who participate in the ownership of the productive wealth of the nation. The form of this participation is only incidental. What is important is that the business of making capitalists and thereby increasing productive capital, that started with the history of the United States, is

still operating on a full-time basis. Nearly everyone is a capitalist in the United States today. It is almost impossible to retain one's self-respect and not be a capitalist. The 54,000,000 men and women who carry insurance are capitalists, the more than 43,850,000 persons who have savings accounts, the nearly 11,000,000 members of the building and loan associations, the 7,000,000 home-owners, the 6,500,000 farm owners and tenants who have about \$4,000,000,000 invested in implements and equipment—all these are capitalists. Likewise the more than 3,000,000 persons who own stock in corporations, thousands of them employees and customers, and the Americans who receive about \$500,000,000 income every year from foreign investments, are capitalists. So are the uncountable millions who have sums, large and small, invested in the bonds of domestic and foreign corporations and political divisions. If only these random figures, necessarily incomplete, are summed up, it is readily apparent that the investor is almost everybody. And in that fact is the answer to America's startling growth and the rapid strides which it has made in world finance and commerce. It explains the enormous investments in thousands of enterprises, and how, in 1926, about \$5,800,000,000 was put into domestic enterprises alone. It explains, too, the high wages in the United States, the better working conditions, the improved products, the gradual wiping out of class distinctions and the narrowing of the gulf between the rich and the poor. Back of it is the desire of the people to save and to invest and to have something—more simply, the desire to be capitalists.

There is, however much we may regret it, still another side to this bright picture. Thousands of men and women, believing in the financial fairy tales of fakers and security charlatans, employ their savings to drill oil wells that turn out to be dry holes, in get-rich quick enterprises that promise and only promise over-night fortunes, and to finance the dreams that add nothing to the income or wealth of the country. This side-tracking of earning power is sheer waste and represents a loss not only to the individuals directly concerned but also to the country as a whole. The between \$500,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000 yearly fraud bill of the country is the millstone that hampers more widespread prosperity. The remedy is that kind of financial thinking which will curb the get-rich-quick imagination, and point out that to make money requires honesty, ability, thought and some little time and proper investing, which was the factor in building up the enormous wealth of the United States.

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The Impromptu Speech

(Continued from page 25)

minutes this morning, and that is Friendship, Rotary stands for Friendship, and Friendship is the great need of the world today. The world is made up of people, of which you and I are a part; people just like we are, with the same troubles, the same pleasures, the same ideals and ambitions. The greatest thing in the world is Love, and the greatest work that Rotary can perform is to carry the message of Friendship and Love to all the world. It is in this spirit of Friendship, and Fellowship and Love that the hope of the world lies. . . ."

(Splendid, thought Eddie to himself! That was a wonderful idea. He was carried away on the waves of his own eloquence as on the waves of the sea.)

"Here we sit in quiet and peace in this pleasant room today, and look what is going on in the world! Look what is going on in Mexico; in China! What is it that is the matter with the world today? The world is sick—sick for the want of Friendship—sick for the want of Fellowship—sick for the want of Love! When the time comes that Rotary shall have encircled the globe, there will be no more strikes. There will be no more war. No more crime. God send the happy day, and let it come soon!"

All eyes were on the speaker. The audience did not seem to notice that something terrible was evidently the matter with poor Harry, sitting by his employer's side. Harry didn't know where to look. He wanted to crawl under the table, or sink through the floor, or anywhere to hide from the sight of the Eminent Rotarian from the Only City on Earth, who was sitting across the table only a few feet away from him.

Harry was painfully embarrassed. His beautiful speech, which he had written so enthusiastically and so confidently that morning, and with which his innocent employer was at that moment holding his interested fellow-Rotarians spellbound, was the identical speech Harry had heard the Eminent Rotarian make only a day or two before, at the Rotary Club luncheon in Seattle!

It must have made a very strong impression upon Harry at the time, for when he started writing that morning it had simply flowed off his typewriter keys, sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, just as if it had really been his own. Indeed, he had scarcely been conscious that it was not his own, until the Eminent Rotarian had come in the door.

Harry pulled his employer's coat-

tails, but Eddie was drunk with his own eloquence, and did not notice.

"But I say to you, fellow-Rotarians, that happy day will never come unless we bring it about. We cannot make the world right until we get right ourselves. We cannot reach the hearts of the world until our own hearts are what they should be.

*"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide!"*

"For we are the world—you, and I, and every Rotarian gathered this day at every luncheon table throughout the land. But if you, and I, and every Rotarian in the world put our shoulders together, there is nothing we can't do.

A very peculiar expression had come over the face of the Eminent Rotarian. He took a swift glance around at the interested audience. He took a sip of water from his glass, and raised his napkin to his lips for a moment, and under its cover he smiled an odd, inscrutable, little smile.

And still the speech kept marching on. It went all around the world, and back again. You could almost hear the sound of its marching feet.

"And so, dear fellow-Rotarians," said Eddie finally, "I shall bring this feeble and altogether unworthy effort to a close by repeating that the hope of the world today lies in the Friendship, and Fellowship, and Love, for which this great organization stands, and upon which it is firmly founded. So let us raise our banner aloft, and march boldly forward, shoulder to shoulder, until Rotary shall have encircled all the globe, and all men shall be brothers, and shall dwell in love and peace with one another forevermore!"

The speech was over. Eddie sat down amid a tumultuous applause. They rushed around him, shaking him by the hand.

"What's the matter with Eddie?" they cried.

"He's all right!"

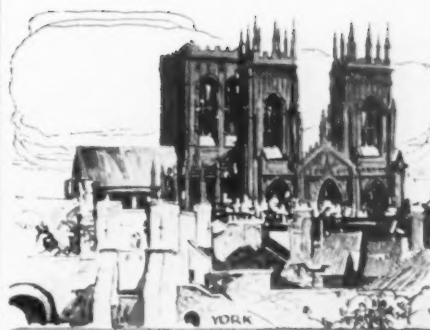
"Gosh, Eddie! That's the finest thing I ever heard!"

"It's the finest speech that was ever made in this room!"

And so on, and on.

"Oh, pshaw!" demurred Eddie modestly. "I'm glad you liked it. Well, Charlie, old boy," he went on, breaking loose to grasp the Eminent Rotarian by the hand once more. "I'm mighty glad to see you again! So you thought you'd just drop in and surprise us, did you, just in time to hear my feeble effort—"

"Feeble nothing!" said the Great Man. "If you call that a feeble effort,



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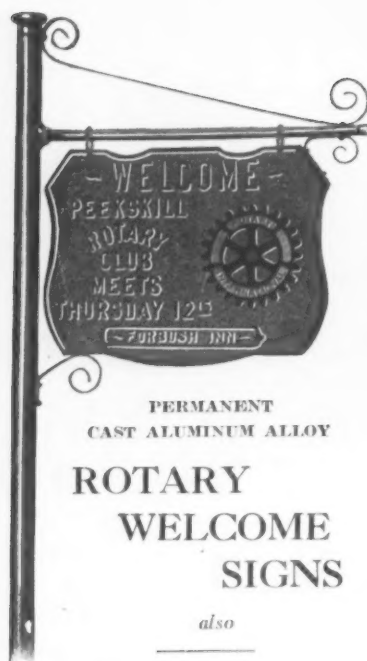
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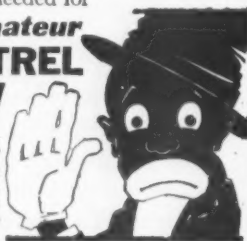
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I'd like to hear you make a real speech!"

But poor Harry hadn't waited to hear all this. As soon as the speech was over he grabbed his hat, rushed out, and hurried over to the office. Then he sat down at his desk, and dropped his head in his hands, and groaned to himself. How would he ever be able to explain it? What would the Eminent Rotarian think? What would his employer do to him? He would lose his job now, sure. To think of Mr. Smith, standing up there so proudly and importantly, reading the Eminent Rotarian's pet speech, and pretending it was his own! And the Eminent Rotarian sitting there all the time, listening, with that odd inscrutable little smile on his face!

Well, there was nothing for him to do but to make a clean breast of it, and confess the whole thing, and the sooner he did it the sooner it would be over. He would shoulder the responsibility himself. He couldn't let his employer take the blame.

Bye and bye he heard Mr. Smith come in, and go into his private office, and shut the door. No doubt he was now sitting at his desk, congratulating himself on putting over a good thing. He would go in right now and tell him—

No, he wouldn't. He would go to the Eminent Rotarian. He would explain that he, and he only, was to blame.

He called up the Rotarian's hotel. Let him speak to Mr. Brown, please! Not in his room? Then have him paged, please!

"Hello, Mr. Brown," he said when at last he heard the Eminent Rotarian's voice over the phone. "Can I see you just a few minutes, please? It's a matter of very great importance. . . . Thank you! I'll be right over!"

Harry put on his hat, and went over to the hotel. His heart was in his boots as he went up in the elevator.

"You don't know me, Mr. Brown," he began bravely, when the Eminent Rotarian had taken him by the hand, and asked him to sit down. "You don't know me, but I was in Seattle last week, visiting my brother, and he took me to the Rotary Club for luncheon the day you were there and made that wonderful speech."

"Ah, yes!" said the man quietly. "It's a good speech, isn't it?" He smiled.

"I'll say it is!" agreed Harry enthusiastically. "It's the best speech I ever heard. Well, this morning I got back from my vacation, and when they called on my employer, Mr. Smith, so suddenly and unexpectedly to make a talk today, and he asked me if I could write one for him, why—er—somehow my mind was so full of that wonderful speech of yours that it just wrote it—

(Continued on page 54)



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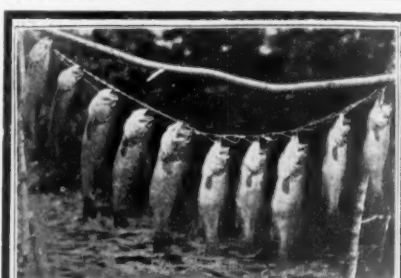
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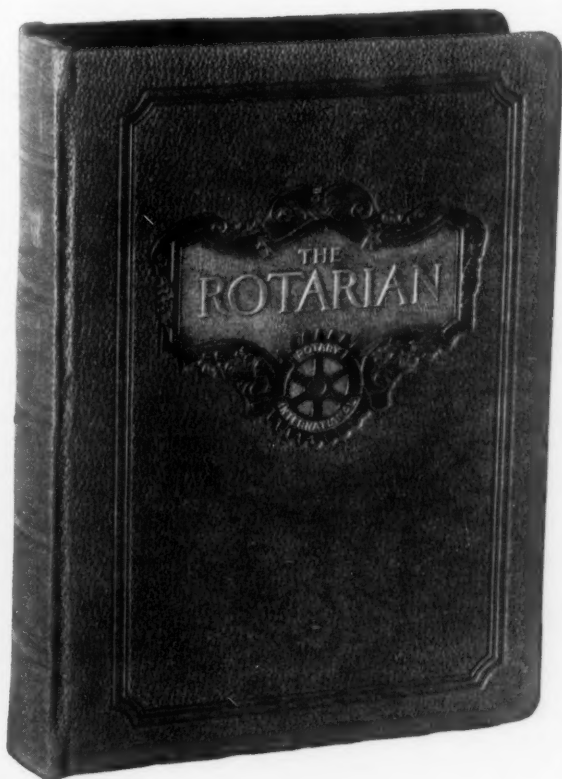
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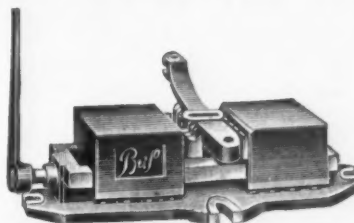
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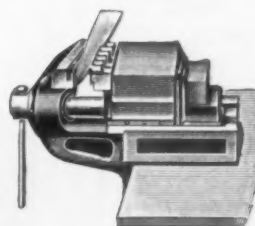


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(Continued from page 52)

self. I honestly didn't realize it until I saw you come in."

"I thought, at first, it was an odd coincidence, said the Eminent Rotarian. "Then I realized that it was going to be practically the same thing. You know, I can't help admiring that speech, myself, every time I hear it!" And he smiled again.

Harry looked a little puzzled. What did he mean by that?

"It's a perfectly wonderful speech!" he sighed, getting on with what he had come to do. "But what I want to know is, how can I ever apologize enough? And what shall I do to make things right? You see, Mr. Smith is perfectly innocent of appropriating your speech. He doesn't know a thing about it, and he really thinks I wrote it myself. I haven't told him yet. I thought I had better see you first. But I suppose I had better go back and tell him now, and like enough I'll lose my job," he added miserably.

"I don't believe I'd tell him, if I were you," advised the Eminent Rotarian. "I believe I would just forget all about it."

"Not tell him?" echoed Harry. "But it's your speech, and Mr. Smith will get all the credit for it. It isn't fair to steal it from you that way!"

"Well," said the other slowly, "In a way it's mine, and in a way it isn't. You see, Rotary is supposed to be founded on the principles of Fellowship and the Golden Rule, isn't it? Well, then, all our speeches are really based on those principles. They may be worded one way, or they may be worded another, but in the final analysis that is what we are all trying to say."

Harry looked a little blank.

"Well—of course—That may be one way of looking at it—" he murmured. "But I still insist that you ought to have the credit for the speech, and not Mr. Smith. He didn't write it."

The other sat silent a moment. His mind had traveled back a good many years.

"How do you know he didn't?" he said, after a while.

"Why—er—because you wrote it yourself!" said Harry.

"No-o," said the Eminent Rotarian slowly. "No, I didn't write it. I don't know who did. But somebody must have written it, for I remember of reading it somewhere—"

Harry stared at him in amazement. "You—you say you read it?" he gasped.

"Sure!" laughed the other. "You didn't think I wrote it myself, did you? Why, man, that's a crackerjack of a speech! I couldn't write a speech like that if I sat up every night for a week!"

Harry began to laugh weakly. He didn't quite know whom the joke was on.

The Eminent Rotarian laughed too. They both laughed till their sides ached, and the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Finally the older man wiped his eyes. "So now you see how it is, Son," he said, leaning back comfortably in his chair. "You know there's only one thing in the world really worth talking about, but there are a million ways of saying it. Why, even Christ himself talked about it all the time. It was the only thing He did talk about. I expect that was where the speech really originated."

PRESENTLY Harry put on his hat, and went slowly back to the office, and sat down at his desk. He looked out of the window with unseeing eyes, trying to grasp the older man's thought. What was it he had said? That there was only one thing in the world worth saying, and a million ways to say it! One thing in the world! Funny he had never thought of it that way before—

Mr. Smith's buzzer rang sharply. It startled Harry so that he nearly tipped over the ink bottle. Now he was going to lose his job, he thought miserably—

"Well, Harry, how did the speech go?" his employer wanted to know.

"Why—I thought it was perfectly splendid, Mr. Smith," said Harry earnestly.

"That's what everybody said. Even Charlie Brown said so, and he ought to know, for he's no amateur of a speech-maker himself. Er—by the way, Harry! About that little matter you mentioned this morning, you know! I'll see that you get an extra ten dollars in your envelope every week after this. That's the best I can do right now, but perhaps it will help some."

"It will help very much!" said Harry, thanking him, with shining eyes. Gee, now Mary would be able to get the girl that coat she was talking about! And he wasn't going to lose his job, after all!

The day was finally over, and Edward Smith went home. He kept thinking about the speech. It was all right to tell the other fellows to examine their hearts, but what about his own? Was his own heart all right? Was he doing all he could to make the world better?

He felt very small and humble as he walked along, with the beauty of the world all around him. His easy self-assurance and complacency of the morning were gone.

The Beauty of the World! Something seemed to swell in his heart and overflow at the thought of it. "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," he repeated softly to himself. There was nothing the matter with the

world, after all. It was only the people.

But somehow he couldn't quite get away from that speech. He kept thinking about it all the time. It stirred something deep within his heart just to think of it. He had broadcasted a message to his fellow-men, and the message had come back home to find a lodgment in his own heart. He felt that he would have to do a little house-cleaning on his own account, and put his own heart in order.

The sun was setting behind the purple mountains. The sky glowed like an opal—pink, and violet, and gold. A faint pale mist was rising over the valley and the river.

He walked slowly around his yard, and looked at all the roses, one by one.

The Beauty of the World! The Beauty of the World! The words kept running through his mind.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Eddie!" called his wife from the door, breaking in on his reflections. "Don't talk too long. Dinner's almost ready."

Eddie went in and sat down at the telephone. He leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Hello!" he said. "Oh, hello, Billie! What's on your mind? . . . What? Me? . . . Why, that's surely awfully good of the boys, Billie! I certainly wasn't expecting anything like that. . . . Will I accept I should say I will! I'll be tickled to death. . . . Aw, come now, Billie! I only did the best I could. That's all any of us can do, you know. Too bad Charlie couldn't make us a *real* speech! . . . Well, see you tomorrow, Billie. Thank the boys for me. So long!"

He went out into the dining-room and sat down. He smiled at his tired wife across the dinner-table.

"Say, Belle," he said. "How would you like to go to Ostend?"

"Oh, Eddie! Do you really think we can manage to go?" she asked eagerly. "Somehow I've just been set on going to Europe this year!"

"Well, I guess we can," he told her. "Billie just called me up and told me the boys had been talking about it, and they wanted to know if I could arrange my business so that I could go as a delegate."

I told him I'd be eternally grateful. You see, I jumped in without any notice and made them a little speech at luncheon today, and they liked it so well that they made up their minds I was the very man they wanted to represent them at the convention."

His wife smiled at him across the table.

"It must have been an awfully good speech," she sighed admiringly.

"It was!" said Eddie, a little soberly. "It was a crackerjack of a speech!"

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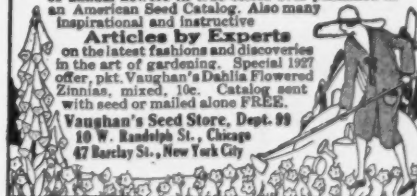
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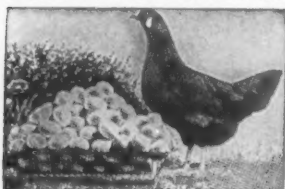
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Home Dollars for the Home Town

(Continued from page 19.)

tions which the bank has co-operated in organizing is the accredited herd and sales association. Grove City was the first Pennsylvania community to take up tuberculin testing and before federal and state indemnities to farmers were arranged, thirty herds had been signed up for testing and Mercer County was the first accredited county in the state.

Each year the bank provides prizes for the Grove City Dairy Stock Show. The officers take an active part in making the show the dairy event in that part of Pennsylvania.

The bank has organized thrift clubs among the school children in a number of country districts. Officers of the bank give personal instruction in the processes of banking.

This is another telling blow at the Chinese Wall.

FINDING that it paid to help the farmer, the bank did not stop with the purchase of cattle. It soon began lending money to the farmers with which to improve their farms and farm buildings. Money that was formerly sent to the big city banks is now kept at home and put to work. Instead of developing industries to draw the young people away from the farms it now goes to develop the farms and to make farm life more interesting and attractive. This has done much to encourage the boys and girls to remain on the farm.

The profits that have come to the farmers on account of increased and improved farm business are deposited in the local banks and again lent out to improve other farms and create new wealth, and like the rolling snowball, it becomes greater with each revolution.

Does it pay? Let's see what the effect has been on the bank.

In October, 1916, when the first carload of cattle was brought to Grove City the bank's deposits were \$894,445.46. On January 1, 1918,—fifteen months later—its deposits were \$1,325,308.28. A gain of \$430,862.82. (The statement at the close of business June 30, 1926, shows deposits of \$2,121,686.08.)

During the period, October, 1916 to January, 1918, the number of depositors increased from 4,614 to 5,343. The radius of bank patrons widened from five miles to ten miles. In this short period, 146 farmers bought, through the bank, pure-bred cattle.

A conservative estimate of a year's gain in country deposits, due to the bank's aggressive program, is \$150,000, or a third of its total increase. At present, of the total deposits of about \$4,500,000 in the three Grove City

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bank, close to one-half represents farmers' accounts.

"They," says Harshaw speaking of his farm patrons, "have no hesitancy in coming into the bank and talking over any of their problems with us, and we are usually able to work out some solution."

Grove City to-day is more than a successful town—it is a going community. And when you speak of it you mean the whole countryside for ten miles round in all directions. Farmers and merchants carry on in excellent co-operation. They find it pays in more ways than one. Farmers now belong to the Commercial Club. They take an active part in all projects for community betterment.

From the start the creamery has been a success. The first distribution among the farmers was \$25,000. The next year it was more than quadrupled. Since then it has increased steadily until now nearly half a million dollars a year—in cash—of the new wealth created goes back to the farmers. In 1919, it was found necessary to enlarge the plant. A \$60,000 addition was built, and this has already become cramped.

The fact that the creamery is managed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture probably gives it no appreciable financial advantage. The relationship is investigational and has not reduced the cost of manufacture below that of many other creameries. The products always sold on their merit, the name of the department not being used in any way to advertise them. They sell at a premium of from three to seven cents over the New York quotations. It has been found impossible to meet the demand, and a special trade takes practically the entire output—and is glad to get it.

Grove City has become one of the model dairying communities of the world. Its success has been of wide influence, and has been copied in a number of other places. At least a dozen such communities fostered along the same lines have been developed in Pennsylvania alone. They do not have the same direct contact with the Federal department, however. But from the scientific point of view one experiment station was enough, and the department has been forced to turn down numerous offers of other controlled creameries in various parts of the country.

It may be interesting to know the impression of the visitor to Grove City. A cattle buyer from Mount Holly, N. J., spent several days in Grove City visiting the industries, the churches, and covering the rural districts of the community. He purchased twenty-seven head of Jersey cattle, and after his return home, wrote a letter to his home paper, the Mount Holly (N. J.) Mirror. He said:

"A business trip last week took me

to a town that nestled away in the hills of Western Pennsylvania, one hundred miles north of smoky Pittsburgh. It compares almost exactly in population, degree of wealth and extent of industries with our own city.

"At once I felt that I breathed the atmosphere of thrift and prosperity, without the clearly defined evidence of its source, no palatial houses, no elect few, separated from their fellows by station or class, but very perceptibly a preponderance of that stable, productive, toiling middle-class, the backbone of the nation. Strangers were greeted cordially and generally as if well-known. A spirit of warm-hearted, brotherly interest prevailed everywhere.

"In business contacts I met with unusual candor and frankness of representation on the part of farmers and breeders offering cattle for sale. Defects or blemishes were pointed out rather than hidden. I observed the fine banks, the number and expensive character of the churches. A new church just completed at a cost of \$400,000; another nearby closely approximating it, some half dozen or more, less costly, but well-sustained.

"I saw no hoodlum class. I heard nothing of the bootleg gang; I observed no evidence of dissipation, in fact, or in faces.

"All this led me to critical inquiry. It is true that the presence here of one of our smaller colleges contributes to the atmosphere of culture and refinement, that the moving in of the few appreciative families to avail themselves of educational opportunities for their children adds something. But whence the high sense of honor, the visible self-respect, the general probity of character of its citizens? My inquiry convinced me that much has been due to the influential leadership of a few outstanding business men who were intent not so much upon making money as they were upon making men. Chief among these were the bankers. Finding their former constituents facing the usual problems of primitive methods, remote markets, and depleted finance, they got together in conference those interested in the leading breed of dairy cattle and organized them into a 'Show and Sales Association,' but with the core of its constitution 'honorable dealing and truthful representation,' and that, too, written into it, and to be accepted by every member and practiced, or forfeiture of membership would follow.

"Think of all this, and the building of three great churches contemporaneously within a period of two years and successfully financing them, in a town less in size than our own city.

"In conclusion, I am quite ready for your criticism, namely, 'If you have found a place so much better than your own home, you had better move.' I am



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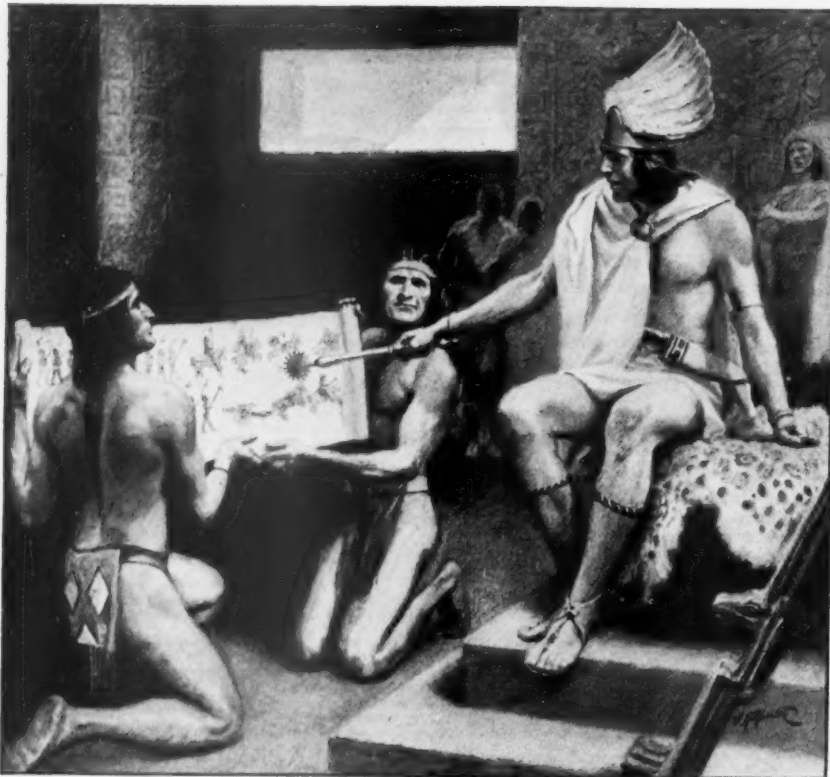
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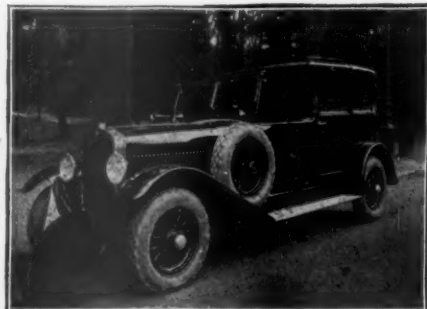


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well satisfied to live and work with the same old friends. But I am more ardent in my desire to help us all to an appreciation of the noblest and best in life. I can't continue to build bridges without ceaselessly recurring to my long years of effort to build men. Let us strive to promote that same observance and respect for law and order that I have found in Grove City."

That's the impression that Grove City left upon one of its business visitors. It was worth recording in full because it indicates the general attitude of the business and professional men much better than I could tell the story.

There's a lesson in the Grove City project for thousands of small towns all over the United States. It may not be dairying but some other latent possibility that only awaits the vision of such men as Harshaw—and the will to bring prosperity to the community.

The Fort Worth Creed

(Continued from page 21.)

interested in building up its city and this is accomplished by direct mass action. The Rotary club has for one of its objectives a similar purpose, but it seeks to obtain its end by suggestions and by building up the citizenship through the efforts of its individual representatives. Primarily, Rotary makes better men who are better prepared to do the things that must be done in a civic way. A Rotarian should join his Chamber of Commerce, assume work therein for which he is best suited, respond cheerfully when called upon to serve and help guide the destinies of that body. We can't be good citizens and shirk the responsibility of citizenship. If you have suggestions or criticisms to offer, make them in open meetings, not on the street corner.

Raymond M. Havens, past president of Rotary International, brought thousands to their feet at the St. Louis Rotary Convention in 1923 when he said "The danger to civilization today is not the Red, the Radical, the I. W. W., or the Bolshevik, but the spineless citizen who does not believe in anything, does not stand for anything, does not vote, does not serve on the jury and does not carry his proper share of the common load."

Answer this question for yourself—and to yourself—are you doing your part as a Rotarian and as a citizen? If Rotary does not require something, it is not worth anything, things worth while do not just happen. Cities do not just grow, men build them. Rotary helps men to get vision and builds men who in turn build businesses,

cities, and other worthwhile things. You and I complain about high taxes, the way the city is run, that the Chamber of Commerce is doing this or is not doing that. We are displeased with the county government. We grieve over the crime wave and lawlessness in general. Is it sufficient that we talk about these things on the street corners, in the club and places where men congregate together, or are we doing our full duty as Rotarians to remedy them?

THE response we get when Rotarians are called upon to perform a civic or club duty, is generally most gratifying. As a result Rotary clubs enjoy a standing that may well be envied. Those who know of Rotary cannot help but feel that an organization that can commend the service of men of the caliber and standing of those in Rotary is worth while. Right now, and for some time past, there has been a distressing lack of co-operation between the business men and business interests in things requiring unified effort to put them over for our city. We have some wonderful clubs doing many wonderful things in a civic way, but each working according to its own plan, resulting in frequent duplication of effort and sometimes arousing jealousy between them as to who should be given the credit. Let us remember the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." It has been truly said that individuals working diligently can accomplish many things, but that groups of individuals working together with a common purpose, can accomplish anything. Let us make that common purpose during the year, 1927, the building here of just the kind of city we all want our city to be.

Each one has his opportunity. I happen to be president of the Bureau of Civic Co-ordination, comprising the presidents of twenty-four civic clubs and organizations in Fort Worth. To my mind, speaking solely as an individual, but I hope voicing the sentiment of the Bureau, I would say that I believe at no time in the past history of our city have the potentialities been so promising as at the dawn of this New Year, 1927, nor has the need of co-ordinating the efforts of every loyal citizen and every organization interested in the future welfare of our city been so great.

Someone has said that Fort Worth is suffering from the bad citizenship of a lot of good citizens. I plead with you most earnestly for serious, thoughtful consideration of this problem of co-operation and for a sincere resolve on your part to lend your best efforts

to do your full part as a citizen and to give your moral support to the Bureau in its efforts to bring about an amicable solution of what is your problem and my problem and our city's problem.

Our Chamber of Commerce, or whatever name you may be pleased to call the central commercial body of the city, should reflect the whole thought of Fort Worth. Each and every organization having for its purpose the advancement of our city in an industrial, commercial and esthetic way, should have its share in the general plan for a "Forward Fort Worth." Each one of those interested in the future welfare of the city should be assigned some specific place, part, or duty to perform.

Every going organization should have a duly elected member from that organization as a liaison officer to advise with and keep in touch with the activities and plans of the central body, one who will see to it that his club is kept informed on all efforts being put forth in the interest of the city. To plan these things and to see that co-ordination is made a reality, I would suggest that a trained man of high standing and proved efficiency be secured who would create the machinery to bring about these things.

This man should work with the board of directors of the central body who have been elected by the people in a similar fashion to the councilmen or city manager or mayor of our city government.

Lack of time prevents my amplifying the plan in full, but this sketchy outline is offered for your consideration.

Maybe you do not believe in resolutions, but if I may presume to suggest, I would say, make a resolution, even if you do not live up to it. Anyway you will be better for the effort. You can attain the goal only if you do your best. Include in your resolution the purpose to be more active and faithful in your service to your church, your city, your state, and your nation. Elsewhere with this article is given a "Creed." I do not ask for any endorsements from you or the club, but do suggest that you take this home, read it, and study it, and if you feel that you can conscientiously subscribe to the sentiments therein expressed, sign it, hang it on the wall in your office, and if each of you, and I, and every other good citizen of our city will live and practice it, in one year from today we will have come very near to a realization of the dream city that the artist has pictured for you.

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Arms and the Business Man

(Continued from page 7.)

tries that as many of them are utterly unlike as like what they are reputed to be. There are open-minded, open-hearted Englishmen; level-headed and liberal Frenchmen; courteous, idealistic and chivalrous Germans; modest, self-sacrificing and sincere Americans, wherever you go. The universal type exceeds in numbers the national type, because the universal God lies somewhere in the heart of every man, whatever his race or creed or color. If we seek it, we shall find it.

In our own clubs, we have discovered the need for a better method of getting acquainted. We have discovered the regular meeting, the difference of vocation, and the common ideal, to make for fellowship between classes and types. In order to foster the common ideal we have pursued certain common studies. Among these is what is called the study of business ethics. Our greatest intellectual link is in the common acceptance of the ethical idea in trade or profession. We may differ on many things, but on that we are a family. We say that all business should be conceived and conducted in the spirit of service, and in some of our businesses we have urged that there should be standards of correct practice set up and subscribed to by all engaged therein. If we believe that a certain individual, or a certain business organization, subscribes to this standard, we feel confident that we can do better business therewith than we should do with a concern or a man that did not subscribe to it.

Has that common ideal of Rotary any application to this great sphere of International relationships? I believe it has.

Spirit of International Business

Nations trade with one another, as do business firms—but in what spirit do they trade? Why do I buy things from foreigners at all? Because, presumably, they have things to sell me that they make better and cheaper than my own countrymen, or which they only can make at all. Why do I sell to foreigners? Because I have better things to sell them, at better prices, than they can get from each other. In order to find out what they have to sell me, I go abroad and look about, or I send a traveller; in return the foreigner comes to me, or sends a traveller. Such exchange is good if it is equal as between nation and nation. If I bought many things abroad, it would mean that my own countrymen were bad workmen or bad salesmen, or that they charged me too much. My

first duty should be to encourage my own people to give better service. Competition with the foreigner is a healthy stimulus. Given we can sell to the foreigner as well as buy from him, foreign trade is a thing to be encouraged and developed. To that extent, we should regard the foreigner not as an enemy but as a friend; we want his service, as we want him to want ours. Friendliness in international relations can be fostered by friendliness in international trade. We need to know each other's products, and each other's methods, better.

What stands in the way of freer trade relationships, and so in the way of friendliness? The spirit of selfishness, for one thing. We should exorcise it from ourselves, and by so doing help to exorcise it from others. What will advance freer trade relationships? The spirit of service. We should develop it in ourselves, and so help to develop it in others. How can the methods of big business be charged with the Rotary spirit? By association in the atmosphere of service and fellowship which Rotary has been proved to give, and by the influence of the Rotary Code of Ethics.

A World Business Conference

There is to be held at Geneva this coming May a World Economic Conference, on the agenda of which, thanks to the initiative of Rotarians, appears the item, "unfair or dishonest commercial practices." It is to be hoped that those ideals that are characteristic of Rotary may be brought before this great world conference by men who are competent to speak. At such a conference those practices in business that are proved to be the cause of suspicion, distrust and ill-will, could be ascertained and exposed, and an international basis of better business practices established, on which could be built a world fellowship in business. A conference has just been called by President Coolidge for the purpose of again going into the matter of international disarmament. At such a conference good will and friendliness should prevail and there should be a mutual desire to arrive at those understandings which will mean less money for armament and more for education, scientific investigation and the prevention of disease.

Summary of Policies

To summarize the ideas and policies that have been sketched in the foregoing, I suggest that we declare to be our objects:

1. To encourage and foster the spirit of service in the sphere of international relationships, in distinction from the

motive of national advantage pursued by methods of secret and open bargaining.

2. To influence public opinion in all available ways against appeals to false patriotism and the stimulus of race-pride, international ill-will, and greed of gain.

3. To prevent the exploitation of crises in international relations by interests standing to profit by the outbreak of war, and to urge international legislation tending to abolish war profiteering.

4. To strengthen the hands of representatives of the nation at assemblies of international bodies working for international peace so that they may be free to contribute their best to the common cause, even if necessary by sacrifice of national self-interest.

5. To advance closer unity between nations of kindred race, and to discourage attempts to separate such nations by outside interests.

6. To work for the removal of all artificial restriction upon intercourse between citizens of one state and another.

7. To encourage the study of languages.

8. To encourage the standardization of currencies, weights and measures, and international commercial usages.

9. To encourage better international understanding by closer intellectual and social intercourse and co-operation.

10. To advance internationally the idea of a uniform standard of business practices, and to discourage practices that are unethical in the commercial relationships of the various nations.

11. To take friendly interest in the productions of other countries in the belief that competition is healthy.

12. To use all available opportunities to propagate ideas tending to betterment of relationships between the business men and business organizations of the world.

In the event of such a program as the foregoing being adopted it is to be presumed that appropriate steps would be taken to group together those business and professional men in Rotary and other clubs in the various towns and cities who are specially interested in international affairs, so that they may co-operate in all available ways with organizations with international aims. By organized co-operation of such kind a powerful world movement to create understanding, good will, and international peace may be brought into being, to give practical expression to the ultimate aim of Rotary and to supplement and bring to fruition the efforts of its followers.



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*Reading advertising regularly is keeping up
with the times in the most
economical way*

Talking It Over

(Continued from page 32)

The Doctor paused for breath and a bit of fish.

Reddy looked around the table. Five faces grinned at him, teasingly.

"Seems to me I have heard of fellows who had mouths like out-of-order machine guns," he smiled ruefully, "shooting off too fast. I guess that was my trouble. Of course, if this letter came from a fellow-member of this club with the idea of doing me a simple favor, I'm all to the bad in my comments. But what will I do about it?"

"You might go see some fellow's outfit and write a letter yourself," answered the Doctor. "You have been benefited by someone taking the time and the trouble to write you a letter, after paying you a visit. Go thou and do likewise!"

"That's a good idea for me, too," put in the Banker. "The Rotarian who wrote my anonymous letter didn't think much of the inside arrangement of the banking-room. Said it was too hard for a stranger to find the cashier and the president, criticized the fact that the pleasantest space in the bank, down near the front, was given over to the least attractive part of a bank's business, notes and curtails, and objected bitterly to the state of the pens on the counter! He also didn't like to have to wait some time at a window to see one particular clerk who had charge of his ledger, and said he thought time was more valuable to a bank's customers than a personal system was to a bank, in which he may be right. . . . I am looking into it.

"I wish I knew who wrote my letter, so I could go and return the compliment, but I think Doc is right. . . . I wouldn't pay so much attention to it if I knew it was some particular one. Not knowing, I can fancy it is the biggest customer I have in this club; I am so afraid it is, that I am going to bring the letter before the board and see if they don't think we should make some changes on that chance."

"I got a letter, too!" the Doctor confessed. "I have wondered how any Rotarian ever got into my offices and out again without my knowing it. But he managed it. Most of you chaps never get sick, so you don't know I have a pretty nice set of offices. I have three treatment-rooms . . . nose and throat specialist, you know . . . and three nurses besides the girl at the desk. I always thought my outfit was about the last word in perfection. I paid enough for it, as our friend knows!" he bowed toward the Banker.

"But the chap who wrote me my let-

ter jumped all over my layout. He didn't like the ancient magazines in the reading-room. I didn't know they were ancient. . . . I'm too busy to fool with details like that. Now I have subscribed to half a dozen new ones and only the current issues are on the table. He didn't like having to ring a bell to get in . . . said he couldn't see why he had to be let in to spend money and suffer! I have always kept the door locked so that I could have someone open it for a patient, thinking they'd appreciate the attention. That may be poor psychology . . . this critic found it so. Then he commented adversely on the 'medical smell,' as he called it. We doctors get so used to disinfectant odors that we don't notice them. I've corrected that . . . the whole trouble was a laboratory door which was kept ajar for ventilation. It's closed now and ventilation is effected by a fan. Then he said it wasn't a case of first come first served, but that people were called in out of turn. He was wrong there. . . . I work by appointments and try to keep them. But the point is, he thought people were not being treated fairly. That's bad! Now the nurse who goes into the reception-room to notify Mrs. A. that I am ready for her, when Mrs. B. is already there ahead of her, carries a watch and says 'Your appointment was for half past ten . . . the doctor is ready for you.' That lets Mrs. B., who has no appointment, know that she isn't being neglected."

"The more you fellows talk, the worse I feel," complained the Red Headed Rotarian. "If you were in my place, what would you do about it?" He spoke to the Doctor.

"Have you told a lot of the fellows about getting an anonymous letter and how peeved you were?"

"At least as many as several!" Reddy ruefully confessed.

"Then I think I'd ask for five minutes, get up and read the letter, thank the fellow who sent it, and announce your determination to 'get even' by trying to do some other Rotarian the same sort of favor."

"A good idea," returned Reddy, "It looks to me like this is a real, constructive, Rotarian-like thing to do . . . helping each other, by a genuine interest in the other fellow's work, taking some of our own time and effort, without even the chance to be thanked for it."

"Beats all, how the point of view can change, doesn't it?" the Stout Doctor said slyly.

"Oh, well, I didn't know!" answered Reddy.

A Hearty Welcome to Picturesque Germany

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From the glistening peaks of the Bavarian Alps to the North and Baltic Seas, Germany is a thrilling panorama of romantic mediaeval towns...Throbbing modern cities, majestic mountains, glorious forests and rivers...World renowned spas...Munich, dear old Heidelberg, the Rhine, "Unter den Linden"...A thousand centers of interest...Sports, and Europe's best auto roads; perfect rail and air service, radio telephones on trains; famous hotels and inns.

To help you enjoy a visit to picturesque Germany, we will gladly furnish, gratis, illustrated booklets and information on interest points, transportation, fares, spas, hotels, etc.



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Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

MANY and varied are the comments which are received by the editors of THE ROTARIAN. What some readers like, others dislike. One letter comments on an article in highly flavored terms; the next "waxes loudly and furiously."

Apropos of the comments that flow in day by day is the following paragraph expressing in part the opinion of the secretary of one of the great industrial corporations of the United States:

"First, we would limit the strictly Rotary articles, and we are including articles on Boys Work, etc., and short



Vivian Carter—"Arms and the Business Man."

stories with a service moral, etc., to a modest portion of the magazine. It is better to have a little Rotary propaganda read than none at all, and the most effective messages can sometimes best be served homeopathically. Then we would fill up the rest of the magazine with interesting and instructive articles on any subject in the world, including an occasional short story whose only excuse for its appearance is its merit and attractiveness."

Now that we have started the ball rolling, perhaps you would like to give us your opinion.

Who's Who Among Our Contributors

Vivian Carter is secretary of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland, with headquarters at Mowbray House, London. He is also editor of the "Rotary Wheel," official organ of the Rotary Clubs in the British Isles. He attended the meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International at Chicago in January and spent two weeks in the headquarters office of Rotary International.

William Moffatt, F. Z. S., is a former member of the Executive Council of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland, and is now a member of the International Committee on Rotary Education. Readers of this magazine will readily recall his recent article on his impressions of America—entitled "Geel!"—and his notable series of articles on "The Real Mission of Rotary."

Fred Hamilton Rindge, world traveler, newspaper correspondent, and magazine writer, lives in Mount Clair, New Jersey. His article in the January number on the Indians of southwestern United States—"Prayer Stick and Tom-Tom"—brought several letters of appreciation. This month he writes for us on Belgium.

Paul Rieger, of San Francisco, California, is a past district governor, and now chairman of the International Committee on Boys Work. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, and one of the chief organizers of the annual children's party in Golden Gate Park, for which San Francisco Rotarians are noted.

William J. Maddox lives at Tacoma Park, Maryland, and his profession is uncovering just such stories as the one he has written for THE ROTARIAN this month, entitled "Home Dollars for the Home Town."

Lewis D. Fox is President of the Home Abstract Company, of Fort Worth, Texas, and secretary of the Rotary Club of Fort Worth.

William Green is President of the American Federation of Labor, and a member of the Rotary Club of Coshoc-ton, Ohio.

Cecelia Galloway, of Portland, Oregon, first became acquainted with Rotary through serving as secretary to former District Governor Frank C. Riggs, of the First District.

M. Benson Walker lives at Hamilton, Ontario, and is a journalist on the Hamilton Herald.



William Green—"Principles of Unionism."

Elmer C. Griffith is professor of economics at Kalamazoo College, and is a member of the Kalamazoo, Michigan, Rotary Club.

John P. Mullen is Assistant Educational Director of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. He contributes this month another of his series of financial articles which he is writing for THE ROTARIAN.

An Expert Organization

OR

One Good Man and Two Guesses?

IN institutional fund-raising, whatever the type of campaign, there are three major elements of great importance, all grouped under "professional direction" in the thought of the layman.

These are: (1) direction or management; (2) publicity and (3) headquarters detail.

Any reputable campaign firm endeavors to supply as director for a campaign a man qualified in personality, experience and leadership. But very few, save Ketchum Publicity, Inc., insist that the publicity manager and the person who directs the multitudinous details of the campaign headquarters also shall be qualified for their important tasks as only trained, permanently-employed men can be.

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▲ ▲ ▲

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Paris
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Tour Three

Brussels
Paris
London
Edinburgh

The Trossachs
Oxford
Shakespeare Country
English Lakes

Tour Four

Brussels
The Hague
Amsterdam
Berlin
Dresden
Nuremberg

Munich
Zurich
Lucerne
Paris
London



Up the Rigi

Tour Five

Brussels
The Hague
Amsterdam
Rhine
Berlin
Dresden
Nuremberg
Motor Country

Geneva
Munich
Berne
Interlaken
Paris
London

Shakespeare

Tour Six

Brussels
Strasbourg
Lucerne
Interlaken
Milan
Venice

Florence
Rome
Genoa
Monte Carlo
Paris
London

Motor Through Shakespeare Country



Lake Geneva: Castle of Chillon

Tour Seven

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Paris
Avignon
Genoa
Rome
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Florence
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Milan
Lucerne
Interlaken
Geneva

Zurich
Heidelberg
Rhine
Hague
Amsterdam
Glasgow
Edinburgh
London
Trossachs
English Lakes
Shakespeare Country

Tour Eight

Brussels
Paris
Avignon
Monte Carlo
Genoa
Rome
Naples
Florence
Venice
Milan
Interlaken

Lucerne
Heidelberg
Rhine
Hague
Amsterdam
Glasgow
Edinburgh
London
Trossachs
English Lakes
Shakespeare Country

Tour Nine

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Paris
Geneva
Interlaken

Lucerne
Zurich
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